

AMERICA

A·CATHOLIC·REVIEW·OF·THE·WEEK

VOL. XX. No. 17 }
WHOLE No. 511 }

FEBRUARY 1, 1919

{ PRICE, 10 CENTS
\$3.00 A YEAR }

Chronicle

The War.—On January 25 the plenary session of the Peace Conference unanimously adopted the project to establish a League of Nations and appoint a commission to draft the complete plan. President Wilson and Colonel House are to be the two American members of the commission. Lord Robert Cecil and General Jan Smuts will represent England; France will be represented by Léon Bourgeois and Ferdinand Larnaude, Dean of the Faculty of Law of the University of Paris; Italy by Premier Orlando and Viterio Scialoja, Japan by Viscount Chinda and K. Ochiai.

The session which adopted the plan to establish the League was addressed by President Wilson who stated that the delegates had met for two purposes "to make the present settlements which have been rendered necessary by the war and also to procure the peace of the world, not only by the present settlements but by the arrangements we shall make at this Conference for its maintenance." For both these purposes, the President said that the League of Nations was necessary, and that therefore some machinery should be set up by which the work of the Conference should be rendered complete. Declaring that the delegates to the Conference were not the mere representatives of Governments, but the representatives of peoples, Mr. Wilson emphasized the fact that it would not be sufficient to satisfy government circles anywhere, but that it was necessary "to satisfy the opinion of mankind." In reference to the position of the United States to the League, the President said:

In a sense the United States is less interested in this subject than the other nations here assembled. With her great territory and her extensive sea borders, it is less likely that the United States should suffer from the attack of enemies than that other nations should suffer. And the ardor of the United States—for it is a very deep and genuine ardor—for the society of nations is not an ardor springing out of fear or apprehension, but an ardor springing out of the ideals which have come in the consciousness of this war. In coming into this war the United States never for a moment thought that she was intervening in the politics of Europe, or the politics of Asia, or the politics of any part of the world. Her thought was that all the world had now become conscious that there was a single cause of justice and of liberty for men of every kind and place.

Therefore, the United States should feel that its part in this

war should be played in vain if there ensued upon it abortive European settlements. It would feel that it could not take part in guaranteeing those European settlements unless that guarantee involved the continuous superintendence of the peace of the world by the associated nations of the world. Therefore, it seems to me that we must concern our best judgment in order to make this League of Nations a vital thing—a thing sometimes called into life to meet an exigency—but always functioning in watchful attendance upon the interests of the nations, and that its continuity should be a vital continuity; that its functions are continuing functions that do not permit an intermission of its watchfulness and of its labor; that it should be the eye of the nations, to keep watch upon the common interest, an eye that did not slumber, an eye that was everywhere watchful and attentive.

The following are the main provisions of the resolution relating to the creation of the League of Nations: The League is declared essential to the maintenance of the world settlement; it is created to promote international obligations and to provide safeguards against war; it should be created as an integral part of the treaty of peace; it is open to every civilized nation that can be relied upon to promote its objects; the members of the League must meet periodically and have a permanent organization; a committee is therefore appointed to work out the details of the constitution and the functions of the League. The Conference also agreed that a committee of representatives of the various Powers be appointed to inquire and report upon the responsibility of the authors of the war, on the facts as to the breaches of the laws and customs of war by the forces of the German Empire and their allies on land and sea during the war; on the degree of responsibility for these offenses attaching to individuals, and the constitution of a tribunal appropriate to the trial of such individuals. A committee is to be formed to examine and report on the amount of reparation which the enemy countries ought to pay, on what they are capable of paying, and on the method, form and time within which such payment should be made. A resolution was also passed in regard to international legislation on industrial and labor questions, as well as to the settlement of an international régime for ports, waterways and railways.

Three views were reported from the Conference with regard to the kind of action that should be taken towards

Russia. One view, supported by France and Japan, favored intervention in Russia and the overthrow of the Bolshevik forces. Another contemplated Allied assistance to other factions, thus indirectly supporting the suppression of the Soviet groups. A third, supported by the British and American delegates, urged the withdrawal of troops and the creation of a working agreement to help Russia in her internal affairs and to endeavor to bring her out of economic and social chaos. This plan as more fully developed by President Wilson laid down as conditions that all Russian factions should cease hostilities before February 15, that all aggressive military action within Russia should cease, that troops should be withdrawn, that representatives of all Russian and Siberian factions meet representatives of the Allied forces at Princes' Islands, in the Sea of Marmora, on February 15, there to discuss the Russian question. In making these proposals, President Wilson declared that the representatives of the associated powers had no other intention than to help the Russian people and did not intend to interfere in their internal affairs, that they "recognize the revolution without reservation and will in no way and in no circumstance aid or give countenance to any attempt at a counter-revolution."

Sergius Sazonoff, representing the Siberian Government at Omsk, is quoted in an Associated Press dispatch as declaring his unwillingness to sit in a conference with the Bolshevik representatives, whom he calls "assassins." Prince Lvoff, a former Russian minister, is also quoted as opposed to any dealings with the Bolsheviks. The *Paris Journal*, echoing the sentiments of the French Foreign Minister, M. Pichon, "no compromise with the Bolsheviks," says that the proposal of the pourparler with the Bolsheviks created a painful impression. The *Matin* calls the proposal a bold and dramatic stroke, but adds that it is yet to be seen whether it is practical and can be fruitful. The Socialist *Humanité* entirely approves of the plan. The New York *Globe* speaks of the high purpose and wisdom of President Wilson's message. The New York *Tribune* remarks that the message adopts no policy, but commits itself to a parley which may bring or suggest one.

Germany.—Full returns from the German elections of January 19 show that the Majority Socialists received 11,112,450 votes, or 39.3 per cent of the total number cast, and the Independents 2,188,305. **Results of German Elections.** The growth of the German Social Democracy may therefore be measured by comparing these combined votes with the 4,250,000 polled by the Socialists in the last Reichstag elections. The vote of the Christian People's party, formerly the Centrists, was 5,338,804, or 18.8 per cent of the total. The Democrats, or Left Wing, and Center Progressives polled 5,552,930. The smallest vote of any of the larger organizations was cast for the People's party, its total

numbering 1,106,408. The members of the Hohenzollern family who were present in Potsdam voted under the name of "von Hohenzollern," giving also their title as Prince or Princess of Prussia. The Emperor's fourth son signed himself as simply "August Hohenzollern, ex-Prince of Prussia." Kurt Eisner, the Bavarian Independent Socialist Premier, failed to win a seat in any of the constituencies in which he was a candidate. Thirty-four women will take their place in the Assembly which will frame the new German Constitution. Of these the Majority Socialists elected fifteen, the Christian People's party seven, the Democrats five, the Conservatives four and the Independents or Minority Socialists three. It will be noticed that proportionately the women delegates are almost equally distributed throughout the different parties. The former National Liberals alone elected no women delegates to the National Assembly. The extremists at both wings have been heavily defeated. Both the Pan-Germans and the Spartacides have failed completely in their respective aims. The Majority Socialists, too, have fallen short of their original expectations in spite of the large vote that they have polled. Neither, however, has the pendulum swung as far to the right as was anticipated immediately before the elections.

Ireland.—The result of the elections is now fully known: Sinn Fein won 73 seats; the Unionists, 25; the Irish party, 6; the Independents, 1; Tyrone, Fermanagh and Derry City voted themselves out of the Ulster "conclave," and Belfast cast 40,000 votes against Carson.

About 1,012,221 electors are for self-determination, 289,025 are against it, while three Unionists oppose partition. The Irish Assembly, the *Dail Eireann*, met on the day set, January 22, unmolested by the British who with their usual adroitness adopted new methods to nullify the proceedings. All the more prominent and efficient leaders of Sinn Fein, except the aged Count Plunkett, were kept in jail, and the sessions had to be held without the aid of those best versed in Irish affairs. Not much is known about the proceedings. According to press reports, the Assembly promulgated a constitution from which these extracts are taken:

1. The *Dail Eireann* shall possess full powers to legislate and shall be composed of delegates chosen by the people of Ireland from the present constituencies of that country; 2. Full executive powers shall be exercised at any time by the ministry in office at the time; the ministry shall be composed of the following: A Prime Minister, chosen by the *Dail Eireann*, and four others nominated and removable by him; namely, Ministers of Finance, Home Affairs, Foreign Affairs and Defense; 3. Names of Ministers must be put before the *Dail* for ratification at the first assembly after their nomination by the Prime Minister.

At the second session as if in answer to a taunt that the Irish declared their independence by British franchise, the Assembly ordered a national election for members of the Parliament of the Irish Republic. The tactics of

the British in this emergency are rather interesting: ridicule is resorted to, but as English wit and sense of humor are not remarkably keen the campaign is not especially clever particularly that part of it carried on in the American papers. Sometimes there are unintentional traces of humor as, for instance, the item carried by one New York paper to the effect that the Irish were ridiculing Macpherson, because of the care he took of the health and morals of the soldiers in France. Those who know the attitude of this gentleman towards the social evil will appreciate this piece of propaganda.

While the propaganda is progressing in America, affairs are moving fast in Ireland. The Unionists have condemned Home Rule "for the whole or any part of Ireland." An Irish Center party has been formed, with Stephen Gwynn as chairman of the executive committee. The program is self-government for Ireland under a central parliament for the whole country to deal with national affairs, and provincial self-government under two provincial assemblies dealing with provincial affairs. The men mentioned prominently in connection with the party are Gwynn, Professor Conway and General Gough. The first stood for Trinity College in the last elections and polled 257 votes only, being beaten by Samuels by a majority of 1,016. There are two professors named Conway, one was beaten by the Sinn Feiner, McNeil, by 840 votes; the other stood for South Derry and lost by 5,000 votes. General Gough is famous by reason of the Curragh revolt. The new party does not appear to represent Ireland, and the fact that French and Gough favor it will not lend added weight to it. The Irish Unionist Alliance, an organization of Southern Unionists, has been split into two parts; its former president, Viscount Middleton, and sixty former members have formed a new party called the Unionist Anti-Partition League. The cause of the dissension was a resolution which would exclude Carsonites from the deliberations of the Alliance on any Home Rule scheme involving partition. New repressive measures have been inaugurated in various places. Tipperary is under martial law and St. Enda, Padraic Pearse's college, has been seized.

American enthusiasm for Ireland is still running high. The House Committee on Foreign Affairs has taken up the Irish problem and the American Labor party convention cabled President Wilson demanding recognition of Ireland's independence.

During the week meetings, too, were held in many of the large cities of the country, those convened in Detroit and Philadelphia being especially noteworthy. In the former place, a meeting said to be the largest ever held there was addressed by Bishop Gallagher, who argued that in espousing Ireland's cause at this time Americans "were supporting the President in his demand for a world made safe for democracy." Further, he insisted that

The denial of freedom to Ireland would alone be sufficient to

defeat the American peace program and would justify the contention that American manhood and American money had been hopelessly sacrificed.

The meeting held in Philadelphia is thus described, in part, by the *Philadelphia Record* under date of January 22:

Ireland's right to independence was eloquently advocated by three speakers, none of whom are Irish or Catholic, at a mass-meeting last night in the Academy of Music, which filled the house to the roof. The meeting was one of the most successful in point of attendance and enthusiasm that has been held here or elsewhere, and the applause which greeted the speakers at frequent intervals demonstrated strong sympathy for Irish self-determination.

The affair was under the auspices of the American Council on Ireland, of which L. Hollingsworth Wood, of Mt. Kisco, N. Y., is secretary. Mr. Wood explained that the Council is national in scope, and hopes to be international in effect, and that the object of its organization is to have the Irish question settled for the peace of the world. A large majority of the members of the Council, he said, so far, are men of other than Irish blood or extraction, but Americans first of all, who believe that unless the Irish question is settled properly the ideal for which this country entered the world war will not be realized.

The speakers were the Rev. Norman Thomas, a Presbyterian minister, editor of the *World Tomorrow*, Dr. Lovejoy Elliott, sometime dean of the University of Chicago and present editor of the *New York Dial*, and Lincoln Colcord, a journalist. A cable of congratulations on Ireland's peaceful self-determination was sent to the chairman of the *Dail Eireann*. The message, which bespoke sympathy and encouragement, is significant in that it was sent with the endorsement of citizens of the city where our Constitution was adopted and our independence proclaimed through the historic Declaration of Independence. The resolution adopted is as follows:

WHEREAS, There is an army of occupation in Ireland and an army of occupation in Russia, in defiance of the right of the peoples of the Republic of Ireland and of the Republic of Russia peacefully to pursue their political destiny according to the expressed will of the peoples of Ireland and of Russia.

We, the citizens of Philadelphia, in mass-meeting assembled, request the withdrawal of the armies of occupation from Ireland and from Russia.

This was cabled to President Wilson, King Albert, Premier Clemenceau, Premier Lloyd George and Premier Orlando. Mr. Colcord in his speech made these interesting remarks:

The evils of the censorship should be destroyed. Governments have befooled the people too long. I have heard that many of President Wilson's speeches delivered in Italy were not allowed to be printed in the French press, and some of the President's speeches printed in leaflets were even suppressed in Italy. The spirit in England is still vile with the suppression of the truth.

I have also heard that every American soldier and sailor and naval officer is being quickly sent out of Ireland, also that the Irish are being weeded out of the ranks of the British armies in Ireland. There are whispers of large stores of ammunition in the hills of Ireland, that Ireland is an armed camp, with French and Macpherson in command.

American Sympathy.

A newspaper article written by Dr. McCartan, envoy of the Irish Republic to the United States, confirms Mr. Colcord's statement about the withdrawal of certain troops from Ireland and cites a message from the Government of the Irish Republic to the British soldiers inviting them to go home peacefully and speedily. Another important fact is noted in many Irish communications, to wit: that the United States Government has issued passports to France, to American-Jews, Poles and Czecho-Slovaks who intend to act as delegates to the Peace Conference. Quite naturally the Irish-Americans are asking when they will be given passports for the same purpose.

Portugal.—The revolution which broke out in northern Portugal on January 20, 1919, is the third revolution which has disturbed the peace of that nation within the

*The Royalist
Revolution.*

past three months. According to *La Croix*, the first was planned and executed by the Portuguese Freemasons, who hatched their plot in Paris and from that place gave the general order for the insurrection which took place on the night of the eleventh of October, 1918. Failing of the support of the syndicalists, which had been earnestly solicited but refused, the Masonic revolt was a mere flash in the pan and was at once snuffed out. By the morning of October 13 Portugal was again at peace.

Rejoicing over the failure of the Freemasons, and claiming a large share in the failure of the attempt, the Bolsheviks, or as they are technically called, the Supra-syndicalist Committee of the International Brotherhood, proceeded to carry out the plan agreed upon in the convention held by the secret international society at Versailles last June. Their friends in Moscow had sent them some \$30,000, and with this sum they tried to throw Portugal into anarchy. The rising took place during the night of the twentieth of November throughout the country. The Government, however, had full information of the proposed attempt and acted with vigor and promptness, so that by the evening of November 22 the situation was well in hand; clashes of minor importance took place on the two following days, but perfect calm prevailed throughout the land by November 25.

The Government, on the failure of this second revolution, relaxed many of the measures of militaristic control, and there was a more or less universal chorus from all parties of professions of attachment to the Republic, which, however, deceived no one. Well-informed persons both in France and Portugal knew that neither the Freemasons nor the Bolsheviks had definitely abandoned their plans. The President of the Republic was in constant danger and refused to take the precautions demanded by the situation. On December 6 the President was shot at but missed, eight days later the assassin was more successful and S. Paes fell pierced by three bullets.

The murderer was a Democrat and a Freemason, and the police asserted that they had proof of the fact that

the outrage was the result of a plot of the Freemasons. With a courage that was very striking, M. Jean Guiraud, the editor of *La Croix*, openly accused the Freemasons of the crime, and boldly asserted that the mere fact that President Sidonio Paes was a Catholic, that he had put an end to the ostracism with which those who had been faithful to the old monarchy had been treated, that he had revoked the laws under which the Church was persecuted, had restored to the clergy their confiscated property and re-established diplomatic relations with the Vatican, and that his régime every day gave more assurance that law and order and justice would henceforth prevail, was enough to bring upon him the unending hatred of the Freemasons and to doom him to a violent death.

The effect of the assassination of the President was to throw the country into extreme agitation, but the Council of Ministers acted with promptitude and, after assuming control of affairs as a Provisional Government, appointed Admiral Juan Canto e Castro, who was, at that time, Minister of Marine, to the Presidency. The unrest created by the murder apparently paved the way for the new revolution, which has for its purpose to restore the monarchy. The Royalist party, headed by Paiva Conceiro, instituted a revolt in the districts of Braga, Oporto and Vizeu, and proclaimed former King Manoel II king of Portugal. It will be remembered that the former king succeeded to the throne of Portugal on February 1, 1908, after the assassination of his father, King Carlos and his brother, the Crown Prince Louis Philippe, and that he continued in power until October 5, 1910, when he was deposed by the newly created Republic and fled to England. War vessels bombarded Oporto, but the Royalists have announced the Government as follows:

Paiva Conceiro, President of the Council and Food Minister; M. Saleri, Minister of Home Affairs; Viscount Barro, Minister of Justice and Instruction; Magalhaes Lima, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Silva Ramos, Minister of Communication and Public Works; Count Asevedo, Minister of Labor, and Tamagnini Barbosa, Minister of War.

Northern Portugal showed considerable favor to the Royalists, the movement spreading as far south as Santarem; southern Portugal remained loyal to the Republic, but the greater part of the Lisbon garrison was reported to be favorable to the monarchical party. Nevertheless the Royalists were defeated at Monsanto Hill and Aveiro. The army was inclined to the Royalists, and this was taken to be the reason why the revolt spread; but the navy was not to any great extent affected. Two principal reasons are assigned for the revolution: antagonism to the virtual dictatorship which has been exercised under the succeeding phases of the Republic, and resentment over the alleged failure of the Republic to contribute its full share to the cause of the Allies. On January 26 the Cabinet of the Republic resigned, with a view to reconciling differences among the various parties and to uniting all against the Royalists.

The March to the Rhine

CHAPLAIN JAMES A. CAREY

WHEN the end came it came with a crash, an unexpected and complete débacle. The men in the line knew that Germany was losing; that she could hardly go through the winter, but, notwithstanding all the talk of armistice and peace, no one could believe that her whole machinery would collapse and crumble so soon. Ten days before the armistice, I talked with a German prisoner at a first-aid station. He was severely wounded, his breast shattered with a rifle ball. Yet he thought not of his pain, nor of his plight as a prisoner, but kept repeating that it was a sad ending not only of the war, but of the German Empire. Most prisoners seemed to be quite content to be captured, but this one was deeply depressed. I attributed it to low vitality from loss of blood, hoped he was right about the ending of the war, but gave little credence to his prediction concerning the collapse of the German Empire. Apparently some Germans knew more about their weakness than we did.

For a few days after the armistice, a strange stillness came over the land. The incessant thunder of cannon by day and night, which had been the normal condition for months, had ceased; one could "hear" the stillness on the devastated hills and in the valleys. Then for a few days the roads were filled with soldiers and limbers and trucks, American and French units, infantry and artillery, ambulance and supply trains coming back from the line, with here and there a batch of German prisoners. Then again came the stillness, with a sense of isolation. When would an order come to join the great procession going back through France to the U. S. A.?

The order came November 16, but it was back to the U. S. A. via Germany. Reveille was sounded at 3 a. m. Sunday, November 17, and bright and early on a clear crisp morning we started off on our first stage for the Rhine. We were in the Argonne on the left bank of the Meuse, and on our second day's march we crossed that river at Dun. Just to the north of this city was killed the last American officer who fell in the war, Father Davitt, of Springfield, Mass. I had met him in this region a few weeks before. At that time he had been transferred from his regiment, the 127th Infantry, to the third corps. The night the armistice was signed he returned to his old regiment, then on the firing line. The next morning, near to the hour of eleven, when the firing was about to cease, he climbed a tree, and suspended therefrom a large American flag, descended and saluted the flag. While in the act of saluting—it was almost the last minute of firing—a piece of high explosive shell which had burst far away struck him and killed him instantly. He was a noble priest and a fearless chaplain. He had been in the thick of the fight with his regiment in all the attacks, and for his zeal and daring had been rec-

ommended for the Distinguished Service Medal. How futile his death, almost at the end of the war! But who knows?

Behind us and before us for a belt of about twenty miles all was destruction and desolation, some towns and cities absolutely wiped out, others with a lone house or a fragment of a house left standing; forests denuded, with here and there torn and burnt skeletons of trees left in grim isolation. The whole countryside was ploughed and harrowed with gaping shell-holes, some of them large enough to hold a village church in their depths. The newly-upturned earth seemed to be crimsoned with blood—seemed a piteous thing in pain. Oh, but a few days before there were torn bodies as well as torn earth and trees, with pain enough and blood enough. Yet we could not but feel pity for the torn and bleeding land. An officer walking with me pointed to a grayish spot on a hill across the valley from us, saying, "There must have been a stone quarry there." "That," I answered, "is the town that is our destination for the night." And so it was, a gray blotch on the hillside, literally; not a stone left upon a stone. As we marched along we could see the signs of hasty retreat by the Germans—ammunition dumps, railroad engines, crippled airships, supplies of all kinds. At one spot I stopped to examine a German eight-inch cannon. It had been put out of business by a direct hit. The carriage was twisted and shattered beyond recognition. On the barrel, partly shattered, was engraved the imperial crown and German eagle, and underneath the inscription, "*Ultima Ratio Regis*." With a shattered empire and the Kaiser in exile, the broken cannon there on the lone hill was a tragic symbol of the vanity of the power in which kings trusted. This land, French territory, had been in the possession of the Germans for four years. But there were no French people there. They had fled at the approach of the Germans or were captured or were killed in the bombardment of their towns and cities. In fact, there was no place for civilians to live, as the only habitations were the dugouts of the Germans. Some of these were rather comfortably arranged, and in the battle zone luxuriously furnished, with paneled walls, electric lights, baths, and even white table-linen.

As we pushed along we left the shell-torn area and came to villages with civilians living there. It seemed strange to meet women and children again. For a long time we had seen no one but soldiers. Now and then we came across small groups of French soldiers who had been prisoners, but liberated now, were making their way back home. They were happy groups, and their sparkling eyes and smiling faces showed it as they were greeted with cheers by our men. At one place a German narrow-gauge railroad, taken over and operated by the Ameri-

cans, brought in a load of French civilian refugees—men, women and children. Some of the latter were born in captivity. One of our regimental bands played the Marseillaise. None of these French refugees attempted to sing; some started to cheer, but all ended with weeping. At Jametz, one of the first of the villages with a civilian population, and the last spot on our march where the Germans made a stand in their retreat, we came across a German aviation field. Here sumptuous quarters had been built for the aviators. We were happy to make them our quarters for the night. From here on, since the villages were not destroyed, we were no longer compelled to sleep in "pup" tents but were billeted in the houses or stables of the townsfolk. Such was the fortune of war. Sometimes we dwelt in romance for the night in a real, "honest-to-goodness" castle. I think Houdini or some acrobat must have been the inventor of the "pup" tent, that diminutive canvas habitation of the American soldier, for it required acrobatic skill to get into the blankets and out again without overturning the tent. With plenty of blankets one could sleep warm enough, even though the clouds sputtered snow, but rising hour brings back chilling, shivering remembrances even now. Efforts were always made to have supper cooked and served before dusk. Dusk meant about 4:30 p. m. And what could a man do after dusk out in the cold field but crawl into his canvas castle, roll up in the blanket and keep warm—if he happened to have blankets enough. Though we had little inclination to indulge in such fancies then, yet it was a beautiful sight when dawn came, to see the vast fields covered with myriad small tents, all white with hoar frost, with the slow, upcurling smoke ascending from the rolling kitchens. One night we lodged in a castle which a few days before had been occupied by a German general and his staff. I asked the French custodian who was leading us through the castle what was the name of the general. "Ah," he answered, "do you suppose we would dare to ask his name?" They were to ask nothing, see nothing; only listen and obey. At the head of the general's bed was a German calendar. All the leaves were torn off up to November 10, the day the armistice was signed. Apparently the general was not interested in his calendar after that date. Simple as was the calendar it was a sample of German efficiency. It was designed to promote patriotism—recording famous German victories and quoting patriotic verses. It was a Protestant calendar, but it likewise gave the Catholic Saints' days, thus working both ends and the middle. But on this 10th of November, when Germany was compelled to accept humiliating armistice terms, the calendar recalled that it was the feast of Germany's, or at least, Prussia's, patron of patrons, Martin Luther. It was not the first time that Martin Luther brought defeat and disruption to Germany.

The Germans in France, at least the officers, were bent on having a good time, with plenty to eat and drink. And in these French villages behind the lines they lived

as tyrants with slaves to do their bidding. The measure of tyranny varied according to the different commanders, but in all the French villages in these parts there was veritable slavery. The civil population was compelled to work for the German soldiers under a reign of terror, with vexatious, and even murderous punishments, for the slightest violations of the laws laid down by the masters. The people hailed the Americans as saviors and liberators with a joy that only they could feel who had been liberated from such a bondage. It was difficult for some to cast off the spell of terror, even with the American soldiers fraternizing with them. A knock at the door would make them jump in fear that the Germans were still there. In the villages between Longuyon and Longwy there was many a sad and cruel tale to listen to—villages like St. Pancré put to the torch; at Frenois La Montagne, men, women and children driven into cellars and there gassed to death; at Tallancourt a Belgian priest brought from Mussy was stripped naked, bound to a cannon and marched through the streets, prodded with bayonets, and then stood up before a wayside shrine and shot. At Longuyon two priests blindfolded were bound together, marched up and down the street and then shot; at Grand Failly the curé on three successive days was placed against the wall, with his flock led forth to witness the scene and thus be terrified; finally he was shot. These barbarities took place at the beginning of the war. But the terror of them as well as the bondage of the people continued until the coming of the Americans.

In this region, with the exception of the cities of Longuyon and Longwy, I found no priests. The Germans had either killed or captured them or the French had conscripted them. Between the one and the other the flocks were without shepherds.

For the French people there was no communication between villages. They were kept in ignorance of the progress of the war and the doings of the outside world except for a cynical enterprise of the Germans, a newspaper, *Gazette des Ardennes*, printed in French, but published and circulated by the Germans for the misleading of the French people and the crushing of their hopes. Some few individuals may have hoped that the Allies would win, but no one believed this. It was a reign of despair as well as terror. Yet it was through this *Gazette des Ardennes* that they learned that the United States had entered the war, that American troops had arrived in France and were on the battle line, but it was in mockery they were told of their coming and in ridicule told of their fighting. But even so, the people were able to read between the lines and get a first faint gleam of hope. However, it was just before the armistice when the Americans began to advance toward this area and the report of guns reached these villages that they knew that the tide of the battle had changed. Then came the sudden abandoning of the villages by the Germans, next fleeing Germans passing through, thousands upon thousands of them, finally the Americans, the liberators. Each little village

brought forth French flags and decked all its houses with them. Some had home-made American flags, made not always according to the rubrics, but none the less welcome to the American soldier boys. Each town had a triumphal arch of evergreen, with "*Honneur aux Allies, Honneur aux Americains.*"

Where did they get all these French flags? Where had they kept them during the bondage? Ah, buried in cellars or hidden in the walls of houses, but clinging to them even at risk of life for the day of the deliverance.

In this part of France, approaching the Luxemburg border, none of the villages were destroyed with the exception of Longwy Haut. This having been a fortress was completely wiped out. More than once our men were heard to express their regrets that the war was not carried into German territory, so that she might get a taste of her own medicine of destruction. Longwy Bas, where there are large furnaces, was not destroyed, but rather utilized by the Germans. Here they had working for them many French, Italian and Russian prisoners. Here also they had placed German teachers in the schools and were for forcing the children to learn German. This was a practice wherever they went. And it was believed that Longwy, with its vast mills and neighboring mines, was to remain a German city in the event of a German victory. On the national highway to Longwy, all the large trees that skirted the road had been cut down. At Athus, in Belgium, near the conjunction of that country with France and Luxemburg, one sees mammoth saw-mills, to which the trees were carried to be worked into material for the war.

Our march took us across Luxemburg from east to west, crossing the line at Rodange. It is named the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, but it is small for all that, smaller than the State of Rhode Island, with a population half as large as the city of Boston. All through Luxemburg the Americans were warmly greeted. Flags of the Allies floated on the breeze. In the villages the populace stopped work to line the wayside, and the children, individually and in chorus, shouted, "Heep, Heep, Hourah!" We stopped for a week at Petange before coming to the city of Luxemburg, and our men, who were billeted in schoolhouses and halls, were invited by the inhabitants to remain with them in their homes during our sojourn. Every care and comfort was lavished on the soldiers. Not many of our men could understand their language, which is German, though Luxemburg's sympathy was with the French, but none will ever forget the hospitality. The inhabitants seemed an industrious, happy, moral people, nearly all of them owning their own homes, and having a traditional love for the family hearth.

Luxemburg is rich in agriculture and minerals, which latter source of power and wealth has aroused the envy of her more mighty neighbor. The Luxemburgers all believed that had Germany won, their land would have been gobbled up by the black eagle. They resented and strongly protested against the violation of neutrality by

Germany at the beginning of the war. And the stout-hearted young Duchess who ruled the land refused to receive the great war lord, William, in the very days of his ruthless and irresistible power. More than this, Luxemburg could not do, as her whole army is only about as large as the police force of the city of Schenectady. There is growing up in the land a small but noisy group who would do away with the present form of government, and they went so far as to propose this motion in their Council of State. The Grand Duchess, as strong and clever as she is good, counter-attacked by publicly declaring, "I am here for the good of my people; if I can serve them better by renouncing the throne, I will gladly do so. I am at their service." It would be difficult for a people not to admire and support such a ruler. Her only fault seems to be that of Aristides—she is too just. The outcome of this agitation is now known in America. The motto of the Grand Duchy, in the language of the people, is "*Wir werde bleibe was wir sind*": "We wish to remain what we are," but some people would like to substitute for their happy lives, strong faith and clean living a twentieth-century kultur. The people point to the fact that at the beginning of the war the destruction and desolation came just to their borders and stopped; and so it was at the end of the war. They believe that their faith and prayers saved them from the war's ravages, and one can easily share their faith in this since they were between the contending forces.

All through the land are wayside shrines, in the towns and cities as well as in the country. These shrines are more frequent than in France or Belgium. Our non-Catholic soldiers regarded them with respect, and I think were not a little edified by them. And the people were edified to see all our men marching off to Mass, headed by the regimental band, and to see row after row of khaki-clad American boys receiving Holy Communion.

Our boys were astonished to find such modernity in the city of Luxemburg in the matter of buildings, parks, etc., co-existing with the old buildings and narrow, crooked streets in the older part of the city. At first they railed at the various crooked streets, but soon their fancy was quite taken by them. Above all, they fell in love with the lower town of Grund, with its old buildings, Venice-like, built down to the water-edge of a placid river, and its high walls and cliffs crowned with residences and public buildings. Lowering across the deep valley rises a mountain, and on the brow of it, beautiful for elevation, a statue of "Our Dear Lady" looking down upon the capital city. Ah! Does not our dear living mother from a higher elevation look down upon and bless those who have such a tender devotion to her?

Small as is the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg we found the scenery varied and beautiful. At first level, then rolling, then deep valleys and high hills, until we neared the eastern border, when we passed under precipitous cliffs, up over vine-clad hills and down into fertile valleys. We

were in the vinelands, and although we were slightly farther north than at first, yet the climate was considerably warmer. Luxemburg, the quaint, beautiful and hospitable land, will be a bright spot in the memory of

our boys who passed through here on our way to the Rhine. We billet tonight at Wasserbillig; tomorrow we pass into German territory. What will be the attitude toward the army of occupation in the land of the enemy?

The Menace of the Servile State

MICHAEL WILLIAMS

MR. ARTHUR BRISBANE, who is paid a salary of \$2,000 a week by Mr. Hearst for writing editorials published in the chain of newspapers which are printed in the chief centers of the country and simultaneously reach some four or five million readers, is probably the greatest single force now operating in favor of the policy of government ownership and control. For many years he has hammered away at this idea. Possessed of a great gift of individual and powerful style, he is also ablaze with apostolic zeal for his cause. He has scattered during the last twenty years more millions, possibly billions, of words throughout the length and breadth of the land than anyone can reckon, and each word is a seed; for it has been made fertile by his faith. Today he is witnessing the triumph of his long fight. The necessities of war compelled the adoption overnight of methods and principles of action which can only logically terminate in complete and permanent government ownership and control of all the means of production and transportation—in one word, Socialism—unless the mind of the nation is changed again. But that is a most unlikely event. The tide of the time sets the other way. Nothing short of a really great and national and speedy conversion of Americans to Christianity, orthodox, Catholic Christianity, would now avail to check and transmute the movement toward the servile State.

Leaving this last statement for treatment further on, let me return to Mr. Brisbane, whose personal influence as multiplied through his writings, and those again remultiplied in effect through virtue of the most astoundingly successful method of publicity ever achieved, has been such a major factor in magnetizing the popular mind in favor of government ownership. What such a man says on his favorite subject is well worth consideration, especially when what he says gives his own case completely away, exposes its fundamental weakness, and lights up a lurid signal showing its awful danger.

In a recent installment of his daily *causerie*:

Today, Mr. Brisbane states that the president of a great commercial company, which ships about 1,500 cars a year, who for many years had been hostile to the plan of government ownership of the means of transportation, now declares himself in favor of it, saying: "I realize that government ownership of railroads is the only possible solution of the problem." The same thing, Mr. Brisbane continues, was said to him "by a man who ships tens of thousands of carloads every year, has an annual income of more than \$20,000,000 and owns scores of thousands of railroad shares."

Upon which statement Mr. Brisbane comments as follows, capitals and all:

Big business men will gradually realize that *THEY*, more than any other class of citizens, are interested in government ownership of railroads and an adequate transportation system. After *THEY* realize it the thing will be done.

Now, let's see. In order to appreciate this short paragraph, which is crammed to the brink with tremendous significance, let us recall that Mr. Brisbane, through the Hearst newspapers, whose general policy he follows in this case, for twenty years has lost no opportunity of proclaiming, bellowing, screaming, shrieking, howling, bawling, yelling, almost raving, his profound conviction that railroads and water-power systems and telegraph and telephone and cable lines were being mismanaged, retarded in development, and perverted from their true function of service of the public *because* they were controlled by private owners who sought, first of all, *their own benefit*, personal *profit* before all—instead of *service of the public*. So, he has argued, if his sledge-hammer asseverations can in any sense be deemed arguments, unceasingly and with unmatched forcefulness and with a unique opportunity for reaching the vastest audience ever influenced by a writer in his own lifetime.

At the same time he has lost and continues to lose no chance to insist upon his view that these big-business men, of whose profiteering and selfishness and unscrupulousness he has been complaining so bitterly, and indeed not without ample justification, are really more interested in government ownership than any others, and that when they realize this fact the thing will be done.

And he who reads Mr. Brisbane's flamboyant editorials and is able to detach his mind, or at least the reasoning powers of his mind, from the glamor of their forceful, picturesque style and the great interest of their subject-matter, can only ask himself in bewilderment, how can Mr. Brisbane reconcile the conflict between the apparently irreconcilable opposition of his two ideas? He tells us that railroads and other systems of public utilities are corrupt and are bound to be corrupt in private ownership. He tells us that the corrupt men who manage them will, however, immediately divest themselves of their property and bring about government ownership as soon as they realize their own interest in the change. And then, according to Mr. Brisbane, with government ownership actually in being, the public will be vastly the gainer. Does Mr. Brisbane, the puzzled reader of Mr. Brisbane continues, actually believe that just as soon as

the owner of railroads, or railroad shares, or other property of the kind, gives up such property to government ownership he at once ceases to be the selfish, profiteering individual which he has been as owner and manager of private interests? If he does not mean this, what in the world does he mean?

Well, it would not be fair to Mr. Brisbane to say that what that international champion word-producer really means is what follows; but, just the same, whatever explanation he might supply, the fact remains that anybody who really knows the basic ideas of Socialism will have no difficulty in discovering for himself the startling implications which are inherent in Mr. Brisbane's conflicting ideas.

First of all, of course, for Mr. Brisbane they do not come into conflict. None of those who accept the fundamental principles of Socialism, indeed, will see any conflict. For the fundamental principle of Socialism declares that materialistic evolution alone explains and justifies all the processes of human society. Self-interest, as determined by the struggle for existence, is the dominating motive of all human actions, no matter how skillfully these may at times be disguised in altruistic, idealistic, or so-called spiritual trappings. If common ownership and control of property—of all the property essential to production and distribution of the goods necessary to human life and comfort, anyhow—is preferable to private ownership, it is simply because human experience has led us to the point where we see that we can have more fun, and ease, and peace, and security under such a system than under any other.

Now, all those who really pursue their thinking to logical issues on this problem are almost universally perceiving that the change from private ownership to government ownership *in itself will abate no jot or tittle of the personal profit and power of the present owners*, or, at least, *of the rich as a class*. Here and there, and now and then, those who own will individually lose their particular possessions when the change from private to common ownership comes about violently through revolution. But, afterwards, who will again come to the front? Who will manage railroads and mines and telegraph lines? Who will possess the power that goes with the control of these things? Necessarily, according to the Socialist theory, and the concurrent theory of materialistic evolution, it will be those who possess the innate capacity for management, and control, and power, and domination. In other words, an aristocracy of intellect; an oligarchy of cunning, or efficient, or skilful brains. They may or may not be able to perpetuate their individual families or dynasties as controllers and directors of the so-called public property, but at any rate they will constitute a special privileged class—privileged by nature and privileged by the very necessity of the situation. The rest of the people will simply be servants, workers, agents, underlings, salaried officials. They will be kept happy and contented, according to the theory, because

they will be well paid, their hours of labor will be short, their old age will be provided for. In a word, they will be slaves; amiable, willing slaves, perhaps, but slaves truly and thoroughly. For, as Hilaire Belloc has taught us to see, Socialism is being captured, lock, stock and barrel, by those intellects among the possessing classes who see in it their opportunity, not their ruin, and who look forward to the coming of the servile State as the logical, inevitable culmination of the Socialistic process. Writers like Mr. Brisbane are their best means of producing the result they desire, or, at least, of popularizing it. All the swarm of employees attached to various foundations created by the very rich, with their multitudinous schemes for State insurance, State control of education, and the rest of it, work assiduously in the same direction. The war has given the whole movement a vast impetus. To-day we stand at the very threshold of the servile State, when the big-business men who in the past have robbed us and tyrannized over us—as Mr. Brisbane assures us, and on the whole assures us truly, for, as Leo XIII. put the case and put it with permanent truth and cogency, we have reached a point in the development of human society where "a small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the masses of the poor a yoke little better than slavery itself"—will go on doing so, under cover of a new method which seems something quite different, unless Americans arouse themselves and see to it that they do not.

Government control is a process that cannot be radically stopped, nor should it be stopped, for there are a thousand ways in which it has been, and may continue to be, thoroughly beneficial. Catholics should favor a reasonable system of governmental control; but government ownership is a frightful evil which should be unceasingly fought. Wealth and selfish material power would have greater opportunities for tyranny than ever before under State ownership. They would try to bribe our very souls with miserable material comforts and ease. But the soul of man was meant for freedom, the liberty of the sons of God, and will never rest content with the servile State.

It is this now openly revealed tendency of Socialism to become the servile State which partly at any rate explains the movement known as Bolshevism. A vast proportion of workers, many of whom are by no means committed to the horrible doctrines of the Lenines, the Trozkys, and so on, have thrown over Socialism in favor of the class rule of the workers over all other classes, because they do not intend to become slaves of a domineering and practical perpetual oligarchy of government managers and government owners. For that is what it amounts to, in their view. Instead of Socialism eventuating in the trusts being swallowed by the government, they see a contrary process at work—the swallowing of government by the trusts, or by the same type of men who build up trusts, which amounts to the same thing so far as the workers are concerned.

Wealth and power divorced from religious responsibility for their use inevitably tend to corruption and tyranny. When allied with untrue religion, the results will be still worse. Witness the horrible tyrannies of old Egypt, of Rome, of the Incas. Only true religion will guide men in the safe and beneficial employment of wealth and power. The Catholic Church is that religion. Here in America is the greatest field for its influence ever beheld. It is up to American Catholics to realize and grasp their opportunity. And the first step must bring us to our knees, and the whole path of our progress must be the "Way of the Cross." The only safe leader is Christ, as revealed and operating through the means by Himself appointed, the Church.

The Cult of the Anglo-Saxon

M. J. O'DONOGHUE, M.A.

FOR many years past, in season and out of season, Americans have been assured by journalists and historians that we are an Anglo-Saxon people and that to the Anglo-Saxons we owe our civilization and democratic institutions. Our national genius is Puritan, so the story runs, our very Constitution itself, writ in the blood of martyrs, is only a revised edition of Magna Charta. This falsification of American history has been common in this country and abroad for the past two or three decades. And so great is the power of a narrow press that men not of Anglo-Saxon origin are made to feel that they should protest their loyalty to America and attempt to reconcile their religious beliefs and practices to the absurd and preposterous claims of supposed Anglo-Saxon nationalism. This servile protestation of a loyalty which is bred in our bone, would be ridiculous and childish were it not so tragic and unworthy a great race.

Writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1896, Dr. Eliot, once of Harvard, states:

It is a great mistake to suppose that the process of assimilating foreigners began in the nineteenth century. The eighteenth century provided the Colonies with a great mixture of peoples although the English race then as now predominated. When the Revolution broke out there were already English, Scotch, Dutch, German, French, Portuguese and Swedes in the Colonies.

A reader of this article, noticing the strange omission of any mention of the Irish element, then the most numerous and powerful in the Colonies, called Dr. Eliot's attention to the matter, in a letter bristling with an array of convincing facts. In his reply Dr. Eliot wrote:

I shall have to confess that I omitted the Irish, because I did not know that they were an important element in the population of the Colonies in the eighteenth century. My ignorance of the early Irish population is doubtless due to provincialism.

A very interesting admission in view of the fact that history gives ample testimony of the great part played by the Irish in founding the Republic and shaping its destinies.

The first man killed in the Boston massacre, the first

overt act of the Revolution, was Patrick Carr, an Irishman. Among those who assisted in pitching the tea into Boston harbor were Thompson and Hugh Maxwell, both Irishmen. The capture of New Castle, the first fort taken in the Revolution was the work of Majors John Sullivan and John Langdon. For this exploit both were elected to Congress. Sullivan was appointed Brigadier-General and commanded the northern division of the Continental Army. He became attorney general and twice governor of New Hampshire. His brother became governor of Massachusetts. John Stark, who led the New Hampshire men at Bunker Hill, was one of the most famous men in New England, General Knox, an Irishman, was Washington's most trusted adviser. Joseph Reed was private secretary to Washington. He was offered a bribe of \$50,000 by the British to desert the cause of the Colonies, an offer he rejected with scorn. Colonel Fitzgerald was Washington's favorite aide-de-camp.

The famous Irish "Brigade of Pennsylvania," led by Colonels Wayne, Stuart, Irwin and Butler, was the crack corps of the Continental Army. It was selected by Washington to guard West Point after the discovery of Arnold's treason. Many of the famous engagements of the Revolution were led by Irishmen. Stark, at Bennington; Morgan, at Cowpens; Wayne at Stoney Point, and Andrew Pickens at Eutaw, are examples in point. The leading spokesmen at the first council of war, held by Washington at Cambridge in 1775, were Generals Richard Montgomery and Richard Sullivan, and fully one-third of the active chiefs of Washington's army were of Irish birth or descent. William Gregg, who commanded the vanguard at Bennington, the Gibson Brothers, whose sharpshooters were called the "Gibson Lambs"; Captain Jasper of Fort Moultrie; John Kelly, who covered Washington's retreat from Trenton; Colonel Alexander Martin of Brandywine fame, were all Irish. So were Generals Lewis, Roche, Hand, Clinton, Rutherford, Thompson and Butler. Twelve of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were Irish. There were no Scotch-Irish in those days. That term, along with the Anglo-Saxon myth, was invented one hundred and twenty-five years later.

In Collins' "History of Kentucky" it is stated that James McBride was the first man to enter its borders "paddling his canoe up the Kentucky river in 1743." In 1769 Daniel Boone was accompanied by James Mooney, John Finley and William Cool; and they in turn were followed by Captain Grattan, John Toole and John McManus. Captain Flynn, John Reilly and Francis Dunleavy were the founders of Columbia. Major McGarvy, McBride and Bolger with Boone were the great Indian fighters at that time in Kentucky. At least twenty fortified stations in Kentucky bear Irish names and eleven counties in Kentucky bear the names of Irishmen. There is hardly a Gaelic name in Ireland that was not represented in Kentucky after the Revolution, so much

so indeed that Henry Clay once declared that Kentucky was "the Ireland of America."

When in 1765 Franklin gave up all hope on the passage of the Stamp Act it was Charles Thompson, an Irishman, then Secretary of the Continental Congress, who again rekindled the flame of Freedom. "The sun of liberty is set," wrote Franklin, "and Americans must now light the lamps of industry and economy." Be assured, answered Thompson, "We shall light torches of quite another kind." Thompson was one of the most noted men of his time and second only to Washington in popular esteem.

In the history of the "Hibernian Society and the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick," published in 1892, the authors give the names and official stations of 399 officials of the highest order furnished by this Society to the State and nation in early days. Among them were three Presidents of the United States. In passing it may be noted that Washington himself, though not an Irishman, was a member of the Friendly Sons.

Commodore Barry, the father of the American navy, was a Wexford man. Barry's prizes from one voyage alone, when sold in French ports, brought the American Government \$3,000,000 at a time when money was sorely needed. In Abbot's "Blue Jackets" it is recorded how Barry, with twenty-seven men in open row boats, captured the warship "Alert" of ten guns, and four consort vessels, and took 500 prisoners. It was Barry's destruction of war and trading vessels that struck terror into the hearts of the enemy and finally compelled their merchants to petition the Government for peace.

As a matter of fact the Anglo-Saxon element was an insignificant minority in the armies of the Revolution. Lecky, in his "History of the American Revolution," speaking of the composition of the American army, says:

One of the most remarkable documents relating to the state of opinion in America is the examination of Galloway, late Speaker of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, by a committee of the House of Commons in June, 1779. Galloway was asked the following question: "What in the service of Congress were they chiefly composed of, natives of America? Or was the greatest part of them English, Irish or Scotch?" Galloway answered: "The names and places of their nativity being taken down, I can answer the question with precision; scarcely one-quarter were natives of America; about one-half were Irish. The other one-quarter, English and Scotch."

Plowden, the historian, declared: "It is a fact beyond question that most of the early successes in America were due to the vigorous exertions and prowess of the Irish emigrants who bore arms in the cause." Lord Mountjoy declared in the House of Lords that England lost America by Ireland.

Turning to the educational life of the Colonies in the eighteenth century and after, we find ample records of the same heroic and noble service rendered by the Irish in training the youth and forming the ideals of young America. Chief Justice Roger Taney and Webster, the lexicographers, were both trained by Irish tutors.

Webster derived much of the inspiration for his monumental work from his teacher, Edward Evans. Francis Allison, called the "schoolmaster of Pennsylvania," was a native of Donegal. In 1741 he established a school in New London. This was the original of the present Delaware College. Three of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence were his pupils. Later on he became head of the academy which grew into the "College of Philadelphia," and is now the University of Philadelphia. An Irish colony was mainly responsible for the establishment and success of Lafayette College. The people of New Sweden, according to the historian Aurelius, were utterly illiterate until some Catholic teachers came from Ireland and established subscription schools "to teach children their letters." There is hardly a county in Pennsylvania that, in the early days of its struggle, is not associated with the name of some Irish schoolmaster. John Hart, a native of Cavan, was one of the original founders of public education in Maryland. Chief Justice Taney was at one time his pupil and he always spoke of him with grateful respect. In 1749 Robert Alexander founded Augusta Academy which later grew into Washington and Lee University. Archibald Murphy was the father of the "common schools" in North Carolina. Smith in his "History of Georgia" says the colonists in the early days had neither schools nor teachers "save now and then a wandering Irishman." In New Jersey, according to Clayton, "the earliest teachers were smart, passably educated, young Irishmen." James McSparran, a native of Derry, was one of the founders of Brown University. We read in Gould's "History of Rhode Island College" that the first funds were raised in Ireland and its earliest teachers were Kelly, O'Dwyer, Connor and McCormack. From a contemporary record we learn that in 1718, in New Hampshire, a schoolmaster was appointed as successor to "Ye late schoolmaster Humphrey Sullivan." In 1734 Edward Fitzgerald was a teacher at Boscawen, N. H., and "Master O'Nale was appointed at Weare, N. H., in 1792." Ten Kelleys appear in a list of teachers in New Hampshire alone before the close of the eighteenth century.

"Log College" at Neshaming was founded in 1728 by William Tennant, an Irishman. This college was the spiritual ancestor of Princeton University which has so many Irish traditions. The famous Bishop Berkeley, who was a native of Kilkenny, was a teacher in the North American Colonies in his young days. He founded a college for the Indians. When leaving America he left his magnificent collection of books to Yale University, thus enriching it with the finest library in the land. It was during his residence at Rhode Island that he wrote "Alciphron" or the minute philosopher. The brilliant, and somewhat eccentric statesman, John Randolph, was educated by a Dr. Cochrane, an Irishman. The colonial records of Maryland and Delaware speak of the Irishman "in peace, teachers; in war, soldiers," a record they seem to have lived up to from the time Columbus

discovered America, with a Connaughtman among his crew, down to the present day.

This also explains the fact why the trail of the Irish teacher in American records becomes obscure after 1774. The gentle teacher became the fighting patriot. The town-clerks' records of village educators, which up to now bristled with Irish names, henceforth bears only the roll of honor of soldiers. Another reason, why it is so difficult to obtain a complete list of the men of Irish blood engaged in the profession of teaching in the Colonies, is no doubt due to the harsh laws passed against Irishmen by the New Englanders. One of these enacted that "Irishmen should dress like Englishmen and wear their beards after the English fashion, take English surnames such as Sutton, Brown, Green, Cook," etc., and it further enacted that they should use these names under pain of "forfeiting their goods." Another law enacted that a tax of twenty shillings should be levied on "Irish servants." The New Englander evidently had curious ideas about freedom and democracy.

It would be interesting here to trace the influence of the Celt in the molding and development of American literature, but such an attempt would lead us beyond the scope of this paper.

Another myth sedulously spread amongst us is that English-speaking people are mostly Anglo-Saxon. This is quite untrue. England herself is not Anglo-Saxon. When the Normans invaded England she was inhabited by Angles, Jutes, Saxons and Danes. Wales, Cornwall and Cumberland were entirely Celtic. After the Conquest the Anglo-Saxon tongue was proscribed. Norman French was the language of polite society, while Anglo-Saxon was driven into the fields, the stables and the kitchen. The English language as spoken in England and America today contains very few Anglo-Saxon words. Modern English bears about the same relation to Anglo-Saxon that Spanish does to Gothic or French to the old high German of the Franks.

Here then is the truth about the Anglo-Saxon race and language.

Indeed, it would be safe to say that scarcely five per cent of the American people can lay claim to a purely Anglo-Saxon lineage. What good end can the preposterous claim of an Anglo-Saxon nationalism serve? Who were the Anglo-Saxons anyway, except the savage

hordes of German tribesmen who drove back the Pictish and Celtic ancestors of our Irish-American Presidents. What interest can the countrymen of Lafayette and Foch have in a feud in behalf of Anglo-Saxon blood, or the countrymen of Pulaski and Mercier? As one writer has well said:

The American who now raises the flag of Anglo-Saxon nationalism raises a meaningless symbol which insults the pride of millions of his fellow countrymen and most of the Allies and may well challenge the Orient to muster and drill her millions for the next war.

No! American civilization and ideals are not an Anglo-Saxon product, nor do we inherit our charter of liberties from Magna Charta, which, according to Lord Macaulay, was the achievement of a Catholic bishop whose father was an Irishman. The political and civil ideals of the American commonwealth go even further back in old Catholic days when "Government of the people, by the people and for the people," was popular. American ideals are the ideals of just men in all ages, of Washington, Barry and the Lafayettes and Pulaskis of all time. They are the ideals for which the Irish, the Poles and the Belgians have again and again made the supreme sacrifice undergoing even the scorn of all mankind rather than forego the sacred cause of liberty.

The American commonwealth was founded at a period of great intellectual expansion by men of international outlook and sympathies. Hence it is that in every great crisis of her history America has appealed to the tribunal of the world to pass judgment on the justice of her cause. Hence it is that the fathers of the American Republic regarded neither race nor creed when it was a question of human liberty, democracy and equality. For instance, it was a Catholic prelate, Bishop Carroll, a prelate of the world's noblest Church whom the American Congress thought fit to preach the panegyric of George Washington, the world's greatest hero. It was another great prelate, Archbishop Hughes, whom America sent to preach the justice of her cause in the Civil War, to the peoples of France and Spain and at the Vatican, and incidentally to establish the glorious principle of international rather than national allegiance. Such were the men and such the principles that made America the promised land of all the nations and the champion of human liberty and world democracy.

The War and the Law of Islam

M. B. DOWNING

IT has been the legend of the past twenty-five years that psychology systematized as exact science, begins and ends in the German schools. The United States may be cited as accepting this claim unreservedly, hence the majority of American professors who seek pre-eminence in the shifty domain of spirit and mind have received their training at Leipzig or some lesser

Teutonic shrine. By the corps of historians set to the task of tracing the world war to its source, masses of evidence have been produced to show that the German people were educated for the cataclysm as thoroughly in the psychological sense as in the military and economic. The psychology proved as false as the stupendous martial preparation proved futile, and there are

profound students of history and government who are convinced that the psychological weakness of the Kaiser's cause foredoomed his attempt to conquer the world. How poorly the pedants of Leipzig armed their disciples to break down American spiritual concepts need not be emphasized, nor their failure in assaulting the loyalty of millions of transplanted Germans considered against the few hundreds of traitors caught by the golden lure rather than by subtleties of speech. Neither is it necessary to do more than recall the glaring stupidity which failed to perceive that the aerial and submarine campaigns were psychological blunders and must logically result in military ones as well. But it was a colossal blunder in the science which Germany considers exclusively her own, that of ignoring the law of Islam, which international authorities are beginning to recognize as the far-removed but inevitable reason for the signing of the armistice on November 11.

The law of Islam sternly forbids the alliance of the faithful with an unbeliever. It compromises, so distinguished Moslem scholars interpret some of its clauses, with temporal emergencies, when the *Sheikh ul Islam* can accept the co-operation of non-Mohammedan Powers to attain some definite end. History records many such temporal alliances in war, between the Sultan of Constantinople and Christian rulers, one within present memory, when England and France espoused the Sultan's cause against Russia. But the alliance was for the war only and when the treaty of peace had been signed both nations assumed their customary aloofness from the domestic affairs of the Sublime Porte. Astute critics assert that the fatal mistake of the former Kaiser and the most memorable in the lengthy list which history is writing against his name, was committed on November 8, 1898, twenty years before the signing of the armistice, in Damascus, when after assuming Moslem costume he declared himself the protector of all Islam, ready to defend it from enemies within and without and with all the power and resources of the German empire. This burst of exuberance on the part of his imperial friend cost Abdul Hamid the Damned his throne and ultimately deprived his successors near and remote of their title as *Sheikh ul Islam* and Defender of the Sacred Tomb. It was the foundation stone of the gigantic military edifice from which Wilhelm was to intimidate the world, but it rested on sand and gave way beneath the weight.

In the German psychology the offer of the Kaiser's friendship and protection should count heavily against the law of Islam which forbade the Mohammedan acceptance of either the one or the other. But the question is gravely discussed among scholars whether the Kaiser and his advisers were informed about this law at all. What Wilhelm was planning for in *Der Tag* was first the concession for the railway which was to unite Berlin to Bagdad and which he had obtained before his flight of oratory in Damascus, and next to convince the Sultan and his spiritual children that their sole salvation

against European rapacity was to bind their political fortunes with Germany. His ultimate end was to control that awful instrument which statesmen and rulers always speak of in awed whispers, the *Jehad* or Holy War. Turkey, as Ambassador Morgenthau so graphically has described, was at length drawn into the maelstrom, and at the insistent command of the German plotters who infested the Sublime Porte, the Sultan flung the banner of the Prophet to the winds, using every means at his command to inflame the Moslem against all Christians of the world save the Teuton. The result was like an incident in opera bouffe. That fearful summons which the ex-Kaiser believed he could utter at will—for in his psychology he held the Sultan completely as he held life and death for the German people—he had himself made as innocent of harm as the prattle of an infant.

From British sources, evidence is slowly gathering that within the first five years after that magnanimous proffer of friendship at Damascus, the Moslem world had been informed of the insult of this "infidel dog," and the Sultan who had accepted it tamely had been doomed to forfeit the Caliphate. For two illuminating events are recorded simultaneously with the Turkish Sultan's proclamation of the Holy War. First, the millions of Mohammedans of India who owe political allegiance to the British crown, announced their separation from the spiritual suzerainty of Constantinople and proclaimed a young priest Aga Khan, hitherto unknown, as the head of the true Moslems of India. Next the Sultan of Mecca declared his spiritual independence of the Turkish Sultan and named himself as guardian of Mecca and possessor of other sacred titles which had pertained to the Caliph at Constantinople. This Sultan immediately took over the Allied cause and, not content with the resounding blows he had already delivered at Germany's tool on the Bosphorus, he formally excommunicated all Turks who continued to acknowledge the spiritual authority of the Sultan and forbade them under pain of death to attempt entrance at Mecca or Medina. The Mohammedans under the French rule behaved in like manner and their reply to the summons to the *Jehad* was to enlist in greater numbers under the arch-foes of the former Kaiser. The Holy War, which was to plunge Great Britain, France and even the United States with its Mohammedan subjects in Guam and the Filipino Archipelago into the horrors of civil strife, sent regiment after regiment to the defense of the Entente nations, because the leader of the Teutons had tempted them to break the law of Islam.

Reasons as numerous have been assigned for the defeat of the Germanic cause as have been set forth to illustrate the Entente success. But assuredly the explanation of the reasons why the Sultan could not command the hosts of Islam against France and Belgium and their champions must be paramount in studying the psychology of the war. For here foreshadowed defeat is as plain as in the halt of the German legions at the first battle of the Marne. Wilhelm apparently forgot that while

Turkey has 12,000,000 followers of the Prophet, there are more than 300,000,000 who are governed by the law of Islam. And the means which the German agents used in perverting the Turk—for, strange as it may seem, the subjects of the Sublime Porte had not reached depths low enough but that Germany could point out lower—are wonderfully like those which were in vogue in the United States, England and the Continent. Another proof of the signal failure of the Germanic system of psychology.

For instance, when war was imminent, say six or eight weeks before Von Wagenheim had perfected his schemes for dragging in the Sick Man of Europe, an active press campaign was begun, and from specimens which have reached this country from Constantinople the Turks are pitifully credulous, and attempts to deceive them lack all the elements of true sport. Through those mysterious underground circuits, essentially Oriental, the people were informed that the German Emperor had become a true believer and under his direction Lutheranism, the State creed of their allies, was gradually being brought under the doctrine of the Koran. Their faithful adherence to the German cause meant ultimately that the age-long waiting for the Crescent to triumph over the Cross was at hand. At the same time, Turkish newspapers printed veiled accounts of Wilhelm's adoption of the Prophet's law. In the first accounts of the London raid the hand of the German press-agent is revealed in all its clumsy falsity. There are scenes of the Kaiser and his army and all are in Moslem attire entering the British Capital. There are sketches of Saint Paul's which is being transformed into a mosque with the famous interior of Santa Sophia serving as model, and then, crowning glory for the enraptured Turk, there are pictures of Wilhelm and all his Turkish entourage entering the purified temple. The former Kaiser has suffered the loss of all that he held dear, his empire, his military reputation, his power and prestige, but he still retains the presence and apparently the affection of his faithful spouse. It is to be hoped that she never sees these pictures of Wilhelm's entrance into St. Paul's.

But how poignantly humiliating must all this be to the Lutherans who are taking such zest in the apotheosis of the Reformer in view of his centenary. The leading Lutheran of Europe held his faith so lightly that he consented to have it presented to the Mohammedan world as but slightly different from that taught by the Prophet, and those differences he would waive in favor of the Koran. History has parallels for nearly all human vagaries, but surely this of the former Kaiser stands unique! And after such vulgar barterings with the Turkish Sultan, the lack of sincerity and truth met its usual reward. The miserable Turks were convinced but they had already been cut off from the body of the true believers. As President Wilson offered the German people peace if they renounced allegiance to the House of Hohenzollern, so the Sultan of Mecca, as we have seen, has decreed

that no Turk who retains political allegiance to Constantinople can visit the Holy Places or hold communion with the faithful under the new dispensation. Unless this order is rescinded there will be a paltry few to acclaim the glory of the Sublime Porte. The remainder of the 300,000,000 Mohammedans in Egypt and North Africa, India and various French possessions, had not been deceived from the beginning, for they also had their secret service and they were informed that Wilhelm's conversion was a trap, just as his offer of protection and friendship was an insult and a defiance of their law.

There is no point connected with the coming Peace Congress more vital than that which deals with the law of Islam. Will there be a new *Sheikh ul Islam*, and if so, who will get the honor? The Sultans of Constantinople, if such there be after the peace articles are signed, have lost the privilege forever, just as the Caliphs of Bagdad did ages ago. It may be that such preponderance of power will be wrested from one man and that the nations which control Mohammedan subjects will council national autonomy, as in the case of the Greek orthodox churches and in various Protestant ecclesiastical governments. The opinion of learned statesmen leans that way. When the venerable Pontiff Leo XIII was celebrating the twenty-fifth year of his reign over the See of Peter, Abdul Hamid sent a resplendent jewel, one of the great gems of the earth, with the greeting of the only spiritual ruler of the world whose sway was historical and undisputed to the only other spiritual potentate who could claim such honor. Now if the signs be true the *Sheikh ul Islam* is passing, or has passed, his power is broken into fantastic pieces, as the will of the rulers dictate. But the Roman Pontiff sits in the Chair of Peter, secure from the storms which rend the political realm, as he was eight centuries before the coming of the Prophet, and as his successors will be many centuries after the banner of Mohammed and the laws he writ down for Islam have ceased to disturb the reunited Christian world.

The Dark Continent.

D. H. ROWAN

CENTRAL AFRICA is often referred to when peace terms are discussed, and readers of AMERICA may like to know a little about the heart of the dark continent from a Catholic layman who has resided there more than a dozen years and speaks a few of its most important languages.

At the outset the writer would like to emphasize that tropical Africa will prove itself one of the greatest regenerators of war-worn and hungry Europe, and Americans should not help to gamble it away lightly for the sake of frontier rectifications in Europe.

To the elderly reader Central Africa conjures up thoughts of slaves and slave-hunting; to the middle-aged, ivory, malaria, ostrich-feathers, thirst, rubber and sleeping-sickness. To the younger generation, however, it bespeaks imported thoroughbred stock, hardy cross-breeds and "three-days-dipping" to kill the rinderpest and Texas fever bringers, £100 a ton coffee and Burgundy mixture to check a dreaded leaf-disease, hundred acre stretches of wheat and rust-resisting wheat breeding stations,

bacon factories and mine-fever serum, as well as the better-known tropical products, such as coco-nuts, rubber, coffee and sisal. It is not realized that an immense area in Central Africa has an altitude of over 5,000 feet, where white men can live in comfort. At this elevation all the temperate zone products can be grown, and today, in spite of poor means of communication, European homesteads are springing up in the midst of semi-barbarous natives, often a hundred miles from the nearest railway or waterway. Americans must note with pride that the native calls the cheap calico cloth that he makes into a single garment like a night-shirt "Americani." A few years ago the same term meant paraffin or kerosene oil. In passing it may also be added that American trade has increased enormously in these parts of late, agricultural machinery and the homely "Henry" perhaps heading tabular statements at the local consulates.

At the outbreak of the war the European population between 10 degrees north and 10 degrees south of the equator did not exceed 25,000, made up of government officials and military men, traders and storekeepers, settlers and missionaries. About 9,000 of these inhabitants were women and children. The only other foreign element of any importance are the East Indians, mainly in the East who number about 40,000 and are practically all petty traders. What were formerly out-posts or small government stations are now developing into orderly towns with rail or water communication, telegraphs and telephone, newspapers and cinematographs, with the most imposing of their churches very often "Catholiki." The wealth controlled by the average European is high, five to seven times that owned or directed by the average American. White people have increased about three-fold only in the past decade, but trade about ten-fold. This progress will be maintained for another dozen years, now that sanitation, the Cinderella of government departments, is determined to attend treasury-balls and banish forever malaria and mosquitoes, plague and rats. Then vigorous white men will arrive in increasing numbers and teach the too easy-going native what he stands most in need of—industry.

Catholic missionaries realize that indolence is the great failing in the negro and that four hours' honest work daily would make him one of the world's best men. No one realized this better than the negro who knew black and white intimately—and whose autobiography I would like to see translated into Kiswahili, Luganda, Arabic and Hausa and used as a reading book in all native schools—Booker T. Washington. Of course, white people will introduce their particular vices as well as virtues but the native's gain will, on the whole, be greater than his loss. The African's indolence is not fully realized by the tourist. I am of course referring to the negroes who compel their women, in addition to their ordinary duties, to do practically all the cultivation for the family. It is nothing unusual to see a big strapping negro hard at work, as he would seriously explain it, caring for the baby, while his poor wife is struggling home with a sixty-pound load of bananas to make his beer. It is true the incentive to work is not great in a country where eggs sell at four cents a dozen, meat at three cents a pound and the ordinary native foodstuffs at ridiculous rates. Railway development will be slow after the war but a commercial aviation company that would carry to the nearest railway or waterway the products of high monetary value, such as ivory, hides, skins, rubber, tea and coffee controlled or produced at present by Europeans, at a rate of twenty dollars per ton, would be the greatest uplifting force, in both senses, in darkest Africa.

Correspondents ask me, "What does the native think of the war?" As far as the African campaign is concerned he considers white people stupid to fight for apparently no object. It is true "Askaris," native soldiers, get their pay like a goat-herd, but where are the women, cattle and loot or the other things usually worth fighting for? His loyalty to his government is

not understood. The average native peasant prefers the Belgians to the Germans or British, not because he has any great love for them but, as he would explain, because he "knows them and they know me and their successors would start with no such advantage." Of course most of the chiefs, although they assist their governments, as a rule, against invaders, secretly would prefer to see the last of the white man who disputes their despotism.

I am also asked what is thought of America. Outside the American missionary society stations, I am afraid the natives are even more ignorant of you than certain otherwise educated Europeans who assured me eighteen months ago that even if you did enter the war, you could do nothing on either side being an anthropological and not a homogeneous nation. Natives in East Africa and Uganda had heard of the "King of the Americans," Colonel Roosevelt, and many who went to see him returned disappointed, because they did not find him wrapped in fold upon fold of rough calico or "Americani" and sleeping upon a bed of it six feet thick!

The Catholic Church is here to stay and in fifty years will have only Mohommedanism to contend with. Native Catholics in tropical Africa must now exceed a million. Uganda has almost a quarter of a million out of a population of 3,000,000. Mohommedanism with its polygamy naturally appeals to certain wealthy natives and the fight between it and the Church will be a stern one. Native women who live near mission stations and towns are, however, slowly beginning to murmur against their domestic slavery and these will be allies of the Church that has given the world our Madonna and chivalry. At present those grand men and noble women, our priests and nuns, have a very uphill fight. Their poverty is in many cases pitiable and I hope Americans still give to them "till it pains," to use your President's noble words of some months ago. Their work is appreciated locally by the roughest adventurer or wanderer. Protestants, after discussing the comfortable life of their own missionaries and saying hard things, often very unjust, end in admiration of the sacrifices of Catholic missionaries. The newspapers always give them a "good press." Practically all Uganda turned out a few months ago to attend a convent bazaar. There are 1,000 Europeans in Uganda, of whom perhaps a dozen are Catholics. A Canadian coadjutor-bishop was consecrated some weeks ago. The head of the administration and the native King, as well as the principal residents, were all present. I am afraid we are rather a selfish and rough community here but we can admire self-renunciation in others. We are poor and struggling to keep our farms and plantations, until we can once more export to Europe. In the meantime will some Americans give to our African Catholic missions in the tropics "until it hurts" just a little?

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should not exceed six-hundred words.

Cecil Chesterton.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In a month in which reports of the President's triumphal progress through European capitals, the news of British elections and German uprisings clogged the cables and preoccupied the press, there has been slight mention of the death of Cecil Chesterton, in a British military hospital at Boulogne. It is strange that even our Catholic journals should not have noticed it, for his death marked the passing of a prominent figure in English public and Catholic life.

As the younger brother of the brilliant G. K. his name and his writings have been unfortunately somewhat overshadowed here in America. He had, however, become known to us through casual contributions to various American periodicals and more intimately through his lecture tour in the early months of the

war. But those who follow the trend of affairs in England will have recognized in him one of the most talented members in that brilliant coterie of younger men, mostly Catholics, who always fight and fight courageously for all good things whatsoever.

Born in 1879, he had already made his mark in the field of English letters and left his stamp on London journalism, when he was received into the Church in 1912 by Father Sebastian Bowden at the Brompton Oratory. He had been associated with Hilaire Belloc for some time and in the year preceding his conversion they began the publication of the *Eye Witness*, later the *New Witness*, which as the arch enemy of political corruption and bureaucratic tyranny has become a potent factor in molding English public opinion.

He suffered much as all such men must always suffer for having the courage to print his convictions. He was abused by a controlled press, he was called many ugly names. But his call was to reformation rather than revolution. And it must have pleased him to have read the Lenten Pastorals of Cardinal Bourne and to have found so many of the things for which he had fought proclaimed with all the authority of Westminster Cathedral.

His friend, Mr. Belloc, who is always careful in his choice of adjectives, has written that his loss to England is irreparable. And one cannot help feeling that we here in America are also poorer for his loss. We shall add his name to that list—already too long—of the other great and talented and noble men whom the war has claimed as its victims. We shall remember him not only as a journalist and author and lecturer but also as a private in the Highland Light Infantry. For it was as such that he died.

Jersey City.

FRANCIS J. McCONVILLE.

Catholic Students at Catholic Colleges

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your issue of January 18, Father Donnelly presented an array of figures from which he drew certain deductions concerning the number of Catholic students in Catholic schools. It is a pity that he did not mention Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass., which, in point of numbers, is the first Catholic college in the United States. The large roster at Holy Cross does not bear out Father Donnelly's contention, if the catalogue be read from another point of view. Father Donnelly maintains that the chief reasons which explain the number of students in Catholic colleges are the number of Catholics in its vicinity and their financial status. The large student roll at Holy Cross is built up largely from students far removed from New England. New York is a generous contributor, so also are Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Ohio, and there is a good representation from Florida at one extreme all the way westward to Montana and beyond.

In 1900, says Father Donnelly, three Catholic colleges in New York had 250 students, and in 1916, 375, an increase of more than 100 per cent. Now 100 per cent is an appealing figure, and on its face value seems to settle matters. But this increase, looked at from another angle, is not so gratifying; for an increase of 125 students in three colleges during sixteen years is a very small, a very discouraging increase, even though it be called with rotund sonority 100 per cent. Can it be that the great increase in numbers and wealth among Catholics in the "neighborhood" of New York could bring an increase of only seventy-five students to each college in sixteen years?

Worcester, Mass.

JOHN X. CANNON.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The figures quoted by Father Donnelly in his letter on "Catholic Students at Catholic Schools" are quite persuasive, and yet the experience of Catholic educators in the archdiocese of

Philadelphia does not seem to bear out all of his conclusions. Philadelphia, with a Catholic population of 710,000, has but three Catholic colleges, Villanova, La Salle and St. Joseph's. According to the "World Almanac" for 1919 there are 225 students at La Salle and 310 students at Villanova, while St. Joseph's is not listed among the American colleges and universities. The numbers given by the "World Almanac" include the high-school students at both institutions, and it may be added that the college students at St. Joseph's do not exceed seventy-five in number. In Philadelphia there are 39,831 boys attending the 180 parochial schools, in Boston 24,037 in 105 parochial schools. There are 1,521 boys in the Catholic high schools of Boston, while there are about 1,630 boys in the Catholic high schools of Philadelphia. Hence the question: Why are there so many more boys in the Catholic colleges of Boston than in the Catholic colleges of Philadelphia? Surely the reason cannot be sought in the proximity of these Catholic colleges or in the number of schools competing for students. While the wealth of the parents is a factor, I doubt if it is of the great importance which Father Donnelly says it is. He need not go beyond Worcester to see the truth of this. Worcester, with a smaller population and surely of no greater wealth than Philadelphia, sends about 125 boys to Holy Cross, a greater number than the combined attendance at the two Catholic colleges in the city of Philadelphia, Villanova being out on the main line. I think that the principal reason why more Catholic boys do not go to Catholic colleges in Philadelphia is that Catholic parents do not seem to realize the value of an A.B. degree, a fact which might explain why so many Catholic boys go immediately after the completion of their high-school courses to professional schools.

Father Donnelly endeavors to prove his statement by appealing to the fact that there are eleven Catholic colleges in the archdiocese of Baltimore. The "Catholic Directory" for 1918 states there are eleven Catholic colleges and academies. An examination of these eleven would hardly bear out Father Donnelly's contention. There is St. Charles' College at Catonsville, which is devoted to the education of candidates for the priesthood. Gonzaga College, Washington, is really a high school. St. John's College, Washington, is little more than a high school; Leonard Hall College is a high school, where agriculture is the principal study; Epiphany College in Walbrook is the preparatory college for Josephite aspirants to the priesthood; Mt. St. Mary's at Emmitsburg is a boarding college, far enough removed from Washington and from Baltimore not to interfere with the development of any college in either city; Rock Hill College at Ellicott City and Mt. St. Joseph's College in Baltimore are boarding schools, which would hardly take any students away from Loyola College, Baltimore. As the Catholic University and Georgetown University are not listed as colleges, Woodstock College, the divinity school of the Jesuits, must have been included in the eleven. Georgetown draws many students from New England, and very few comparatively from Washington, although many of her best men made their secondary studies at Gonzaga.

The Catholics of Washington are as well off financially as their brethren in Boston, but the Catholic boy, who finishes high school in Washington, is anxious to get to work for the Government as soon as possible. Moreover, there is not the same spirit of cooperation between the secular and regular clergy as there is in the North. In Boston it is not uncommon for a priest to have ten or fifteen boys from his parish at Boston College high school. Priests send boys from all over New England to Holy Cross College. The alumni of this same college are now teachers and principals in various public high schools. What good these men can accomplish is evident from the number of boys they send to Holy Cross. But the boys must first have the desire to go to college, they must be brought to appreciate the value of a college education.

Oella, Md.

F. X. M.

Government Ownership

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Government regulation means nothing else than guaranteed dividends, for it would not be just to regulate a road in such a way that it would lose money. Why not guarantee profits to everybody? Is there more danger in an army of government employees than in an army of railroad employees who have the power to elect those who will sanction rate-raising, provided it be accompanied by wage-raising?

Davenport, Iowa.

W. H. DOLAN.

Auto-Street-Park Preaching

To the Editor of AMERICA:

As late as January 22, 1899, his Holiness Leo XIII, in his letter "*Testem Benevolentiae*" wrote as follows:

It is maintained that the method which Catholics have followed thus far for recalling those who have differed from us is to be abandoned and another resorted to. It suffices to advert that it is not prudent to neglect what antiquity with its long experience has stamped with its approval. From the Word of God we have it that it is the office of *all* to labor for the salvation of the neighbor, each in his own *order* and *degree*. The *Faithful* will fulfil their duty by integrity of life, works of Christian charity, instant and assiduous prayer to God. The *clergy* by a wise preaching of the gospel . . . if among the different methods of preaching, that sometimes seems preferable by which those who dissent from us are spoken to, not in the church, but in any *private* and *proper* place, not in dispute but amicably, it is not to be reprehended, *provided* that those who are deputed to that work by the authority of the Bishop, be men who have given proof of science and virtue. (Italics inserted.)

In view of this direction of Leo XIII, and in view of the recent legislation regarding preaching, is the auto-street-park preaching to be encouraged by pastors?

Providence.

A. S.

The Layman's Apostolate.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It was my good fortune to be one of the thousands who, "in the beautiful civic center" of San Francisco, listened to Mr. David Goldstein on that sunny Sunday afternoon when he started back on his ocean-to-ocean journey from San Francisco to Boston. His article in AMERICA of January 11 is one of the ablest and most inspiring communications I have read in years on the vital question of the layman's apostolate.

Brownson, the famous New England convert to Catholicism, some of whose works I read, and James A. ("Abbé") Macmaster, also a famous convert, with whom, in the metropolis of our Republic, I was intimately acquainted for many years, were heroic exponents and defenders of the Catholic Church and its doctrines, but Goldstein, not from the quiet thought-inspiring atmosphere of the editorial sanctum, but out in the open air where the eyes, the ears, and the reasoning faculties were to be impressed, looms up before the American people as a unique personality among Catholic laymen. He is truly a leader in the apostolate of the laity. I question whether a more admirably equipped layman for the great work he has undertaken could be found in this land of freedom.

May God bless him, and may he be instrumental in waking up his own coreligionists to a full realization of their duty to God and their fellow-men, and, also, the millions of his countrymen who, "through no fault of their own, have been deprived of the Faith."

Owing to lack of proper restrictions, many Catholics in the past have been the personification of narrowness, peevishness, hypersensitiveness, etc., in regard to questions of religious doctrines and practices. This tended to repel rather than invite the respect, attention and confidence of their brethren and fellow-citizens who, "through no fault of their own," were in ignorance

of Catholic truth. Too many, I fear, acquired in parrot-like fashion, in childhood, the answer from the catechism to the question: Who is my neighbor?

Do all of us really believe and practise before God what the answer contains?

An old saying, applicable to worldly affairs, that may be quoted to remind us of things spiritual and soul-concerning, is, "Mollasses draws more flies than vinegar"! The thousands listening that sunny Sunday afternoon at our civic center to Mr. Goldstein comprised deeply-interested representatives of the various religious denominations in the city and many agnostics, etc. But they were all children of our common Father! And Goldstein, by his enlightening discourse, and most charitable sentiments, showed that he profoundly appreciated the fact.

San Francisco.

B. R. T.

After-the-War Biology

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In AMERICA, December 21, 1918, there is an article by Dr. James J. Walsh on "After-the-War Biology" in which he refers "those interested in the same views" on the subject "with regard to mankind" to Professor Conklin's book on "Heredity and Environment in the Development of Men." He comments with approval on Professor Conklin's "conservatism" and states that "it is probable that the volume will give the earnest seeker after knowledge a better idea of how far biology can be applied to sociology and to the solution of the social problems than any other that has been recently written." Again he states that "for most people it will be a matter of profound astonishment to find that Professor Conklin's biologico-social conclusions are of the very essence of conservatism."

While it is true that Professor Conklin's views are in many respects very conservative, there are, nevertheless, occasional passages in his book containing "biologico-social conclusions" which can scarcely be classed as conservative, and which must have escaped the usually vigilant Dr. Walsh. Certainly it would be a matter of profound astonishment to the Catholic sociologist and moralist to hear the following conclusions of Professor Conklin classed as the very essence of conservatism. On page 422, referring to the question of why the race has not improved, we find this remarkable passage:

The mistake has been not in nullifying natural selection by preserving the weak and incompetent, for civilized men could not well do otherwise, but in failing to substitute intelligent artificial selection for natural selection in the propagation of the race. Instead of this there has been perpetuation of the worst lines through sentimental regard for personal rights, even when opposed to the welfare of society; and both Church and State have cheerfully given consent and blessing to the marriage and propagation of idiots and of diseased, defective, insane and vicious persons. Finally there has been extinction of the world's most gifted lines by enforced celibacy in many religious orders and societies of scholars.

In other passages he seems to assume the fact of evolution as applied to man, that is to say, the theory of descent. Thus, on page 408, he declares:

The physical, mental and moral changes which took place in man from the earliest stages of savagery down to the beginning of civilization were very great, but they were nevertheless slight compared with the tremendous changes which must have occurred in those long ages before the ancestors of man actually became men.

In the light of the above, we can find little justification for the hope entertained by Dr. Walsh that "Haeckel is eclipsed and the brave Mercier and his school are in the ascendancy." At least the eclipse is not complete.

Villanova, Pa.

JOSEPH A. HICKEY, O.S.A.

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1919

Entered as second-class matter, April 15th, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3d, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 29, 1918.

Published weekly by the America Press, New York.
President, RICHARD H. TIERNEY; Secretary, JOSEPH HUSSEIN;
Treasurer, FRANCIS A. BREEN

SUBSCRIPTIONS, POSTPAID:
United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly, \$3.00
Canada, \$3.50 Europe, \$4.00

Address:
THE AMERICA PRESS, 173 East 83d Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.
CABLE ADDRESS: CATHREVIEW
Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

Treason and Moonshine

AN old-fashioned document is the Constitution of the United States, yet not utterly without authority. But it seems stiff and stilted and altogether reactionary, when read in conjunction with one or other of the many Congressional "investigations" now in session. Under the third section of the third article, the industrious delver into the records of a vanishing day, will come upon this definition.

Treason against the United States shall consist *only* in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid or comfort.

This seems fairly clear, or did, before Congressman Moon, an eminent statesman from the sometime imperial State of Tennessee, undertook to examine Mr. Edward Reynolds, the sometime vice-president of the Postal Telegraph Company. On that interesting occasion, the following conversation was reported:

Mr. MOON: You were formerly vice-president of the Postal Telegraph Company?

Mr. REYNOLDS: Yes.

Mr. MOON: You were dismissed?

Mr. REYNOLDS: I certainly was.

Mr. MOON: Because you were treasonable?

Mr. REYNOLDS: I take exception to that.

Mr. MOON: Well, at any rate, *you were disloyal to Mr. Burleson.*

All this talk of murdered kings and treason, arose from the fact that Mr. Reynolds, not having the dread fear of the august Mr. Burleson before his wicked eyes, undertook to advise some of his fellow-officers to resist, by all lawful means, the adoption of certain plans in high favor with the Postmaster General. It is conceded that any opposition to a political appointee, even in a free republic, is a most shocking and a sadly grievous disorder. But is it treason? Has Mr. Burleson grown so great, that he and his Department may rightly be deemed synonymous with that entity designated by the Constitution, "the United States"? On the other hand, has Mr. Edward Reynolds arrived at that degree of puissance in which a few private letters, the mellow fruit of his pen,

may be taken as an act justly equivalent to "levying war against the United States, adhering to their enemies, giving them aid or comfort"?

As is obvious, Mr. Moon has raised a nice question of constitutional law, scarcely less momentous than the issues involved in *Cohen vs. Virginia*, or the Dred Scott case. Most of us have frequent occasion to use the telegraph, the telephone, and the railways. Just at present we are not always satisfied with the service we receive. Are we to be deprived, by fear of treason, of our whilom precious right or privilege, to expostulate with "Central"? If we express the extreme opinion that under government control, these agencies are almost worthless, shall we be deemed guilty of giving aid or comfort to the enemy? Refusing to accept a ticket to Pittsburg when we wish to go to Cincinnati, shall we fall under the penalties of some minor *lèse majesté*?

The alarming symptom in what would otherwise be a comedy, is not that Mr. Moon of Tennessee has formulated a most absurd definition of treason, but that a whole cycle of minor moons, sailing serenely through the bureaucratic atmosphere at Washington, rise and set in the complete persuasion that Mr. Moon is right. As Mr. Hughes remarked in his recent address to the New York Bar Association, after the war for freedom we enter upon a stage of development in which we are ruled, not constitutionally, but by "department officials whose personal will measures, for practical purposes, the rights of American citizens. Disobedience to the bureaucrat is a crime." If Mr. Hughes' statement needed any proof beyond that which has been given by a series of events since the armistice was signed, it is furnished amply by Mr. Moon of Tennessee. Meanwhile, the comfortable and the unthinking among us, marvel why it is that after this great war for freedom, a spirit of discontent, perilously approaching Bolshevism, is spreading among the American people.

Senator Smith's "Prefects"

TO the credit of Senator Smith it must be admitted that in his plans to federalize, or, more correctly, to "Prussianize," the schools he has overlooked nothing that is essential to the purpose. It is futile and hardly straightforward, to reply to criticism by saying that the Smith bill merely establishes "cooperation" between the Federal Government and the States. The bill requires the Secretary of Education to fix the conditions under which teachers for the schools are to be trained. This official will also prescribe what the children of American citizens must, and must not, study, and the manner in which all instruction is to be imparted.

The wildest stretch of the most elastic imagination cannot name this process "cooperation." In the completest sense, it is Federal domination carried, through an educational bureaucracy, to a perfection never reached even in antebellum Prussia. Nor does the Federal domination stop at this point. The Smith bill re-

quires the respective States to submit regular reports of all that is done in the schools, and "in such detail" as the Secretary may demand. If the procedure adopted in any State does not meet the approval of the Secretary, that procedure must be abolished in favor of the methods and opinions prescribed at Washington. Furthermore, to make sure that all orders issued by the educational bureaucracy are carried out to the full, the Secretary will appoint agents and inspectors to visit the schools, and report their findings to the Secretary. All this may be, in the mind of Senator Smith and his henchmen, "cooperation," but it is "cooperation" of a kind which hitherto has existed only in absolute monarchies.

If the day should ever arrive, which God forbid, when the people of the different parts of the country shall allow their local affairs to be administered by prefects sent from Washington . . . on that day the progressive political career of the American people will have come to an end, and the hopes that have been built upon it for the future happiness and prosperity of mankind will be wrecked forever.

If the Smith bill becomes law, the day so dreaded by John Fiske has dawned. Can we reject the policy established by the founders of this Republic, substitute the discredited theories of autocratic Prussia, and escape the fate which overtook that sadly misgoverned country?

America or Another Country

AMERICA has fallen on queer times, for despite the fact that problems are numerous and serious, a great number of our people are so concerned with the fate of other lands that they have no time for thought about the United States. Yet, perhaps, there was never a period in our history when intelligent attention to domestic difficulties was more necessary. To say nothing about the problems arising from the fanatical zeal of a factious and blatant minority intent on centralizing all power in Washington, unemployment and high prices of food and clothing are rendering the lives of thousands of our people miserable. According to a conservative estimate there are at present 135,000 idle men in twenty-one cities. In Detroit there are 50,000 men out of work; in Bridgeport, 15,000; in San Francisco, 15,000; in Worcester, 12,000; in Philadelphia, 10,000; in Pittsburgh, 10,000, and so on through a dismal array of statistics which will eventually taper off into the number of men standing in line waiting for doles of bread and soup. Coincident with this monstrous state of affairs, are the exorbitant prices demanded for the very necessities of life. All people, except the very rich, are suffering from the profiteer whose only god is his pocket or his stomach. The poor are especially afflicted and though the great majority of them remain inarticulate, their indignation is none the less acute for that. And when, by some chance or other, one of this oppressed class does speak or write, his blunt language is hot with righteous anger born of the intolerable injustice perpetrated by selfish capitalists and tolerated by an inefficient government.

Evidence of such conditions is had in this letter sent by a workman to a New York paper:

Your edition of today tells of the testimony of Expert Accountant Stuart Chase before the Senate Agricultural Committee. Mr. Chase states that the five big leeches of the Beef Trust cleared \$95,639,000 total profits in 1917, not counting the profits manipulated away under some disguise or other.

The five big hogs of the Beef Trust squeezed \$95,000,000 out of a camel-back public in 1917. The undersigned, father of six children, did not miss a day's work in 1917, lived stintingly, and at the end of the year had to sell two \$50 Liberty Bonds, his whole possession, in order to be able to buy clothes for his children.

How much longer does the Government intend to let this gouging go on? How much longer are we to be fed up on governmental and legislative taffy, while the Beef Trust, Milk Trust, Wheat Trust, Cotton-Goods Trust, etc., are turning our pockets inside out?

This surely is a desperate state of affairs. Between this family and starvation there stands just one thing, the health of an anxious and overworked father. And there are thousands of families worse off. *Paupertas alget*, with a vengeance. Society is rotten and who will cure it? Apparently not our legislators; on the contrary, they will probably accentuate the difficulty. Just now they have agreed to ship \$100,000,000 worth of food out of the country, thus giving the profiteer another chance to bleed American citizens, on the plea that food-stuffs were never so scarce. Our workmen may starve, but the trusts and our former enemies will grow fatter. And that of course is sufficient reason for the existence of Congress. Our legislators may think so, but some day they will be dragged from the blue haze in which they are living and ordered to perform their first and chiefest duty which is to make life tolerable for the great mass of Americans. Their mandate is the good of this country first, the affairs of other countries, next, if at all.

Ophir and Oklahoma

SACRED HISTORY tells us that all the vessels out of which King Solomon drank were of gold, and all the furniture of the House of the Forest of Libanus was of pure gold. Wealth streamed in to Solomon from his many tributary tribes and poured through the wide-open channels of trade. His ships brought home "gold, and silver, and elephants' teeth, and apes, and peacocks." One single trip to "Ophir," we are told, enriched him with 420 talents of gold. Men vied with each other in offering him the costliest presents: "vessels of silver and gold, garments and armor, and spices, and horses and mules every year."

We marvel as we read. Yet what was all this wealth compared with the amazing profits of modern days? The transition from the golden court of Solomon to the prosaic oil fields of Oklahoma is a rather sudden descent, but the riches of Solomon pale in contrast with the wealth the latter bring. The products of his marvelous mines, the *International Oil Worker* remarks, were but a charity offering by the side of the modern oil profits.

All comparisons, indeed, fail us here. Klondike and Cripple Creek fade from view. Romance itself becomes commonplace as we read the figures quoted from the *Oil and Gas Journal* of Tulsa, Oklahoma. Sinbad's valley of diamonds and the results of Alladin's wonderful lamp can no longer stir the imagination.

The daily average production in these fields, November 1, 1918, we are told, was 452,800 barrels. At the price of ninety cents a barrel, which had been the standard rate three years before, this quantity of oil would have brought the producers the modest sum of \$407,520 a day. But one of the blessings of the world war was a steady mounting of the price of oil, until a barrel sold at just \$2.25. At that present rate the sum of money received in a single day, not deducting the cost of production, is \$1,018,800, in a week \$7,831,600 and in a month \$30,564,000. Did Solomon ever dream of this or could Croesus have imagined it? Yet, it is but one instance of the manner in which wealth is amassed in our time.

Excess of wealth was a dangerous thing for Solomon himself in spite of all his wisdom. It is a far more dangerous thing for those who attain to its possession with none of the idealism and the religious fervor that inspired him in his youthful days. How dangerous in fact it is Our Lord has sought to impress upon us in His striking comparison of the camel passing through the needle's eye. Heaven's gates, an Elizabethan poet tells us, are "lowly-arched" and the humble alone can enter in.

During the days when Solomon remained faithful to the Lord there was no oppression of his people, although the personal use made by him of his wealth does not appeal to our loftier Christian ideals. "And Juda and Israel dwelt without fear, every one under his vine, and under his fig tree, from Dan to Bersabee." But in our own past history the individual wealth of a few has not implied a universal prosperity and a securely enjoyed private ownership for the many. When Solomon turned to practising extortion his decline was near at hand, the dismemberment of his kingdom was to follow as the direct and immediate result of the oppression of the masses. We have our own modern parallels from which men of wealth might learn wisdom. Socialism, anarchism and Bolshevism are the inevitable results of the abuse of wealth and the denial of the duty of stewardship.

More Psychological Tests

THE other day Columbia College, New York, discovered that its time-honored entrance examinations are a huge mistake and must be replaced forthwith by psychological tests that will uncover intelligence as distinct from learning. The news item that announced this important fact failed to tell the nature of the new ordeal through which the prospective students are to pass. As a consequence, surmise is busy with many details of the new arrangement. Of course, it is taken for granted that in some cases the examination will be extremely

superficial, in the literal sense of the word. For it passes without comment that clinging lobes denote a near moron, while a swivel eye and snaggle teeth show inherited, idiosyncratic tendencies that oftentimes connote reticulated thought which runs in a direction counter to the cultured ideals and aspirations that should be the fairest flower of the humanistic endeavors of Brahmanic professors schooled in the highest humanism of the greatest centers of learning of Europe and America.

Adonis to the fore, therefore. But Adonis will not escape so early; the real test now begins. Adonis is put into a revolving chair and sent whirling around and around and around again; the chair stops with a jerk, and Adonis utters a naughty word of just one ugly syllable and is forthwith tagged subnormal and apprenticed to a butcher. Meantime his companions in beauty are progressing more or less well. He of the golden locks and ox-eyed placidity has passed his test with distinction, because though blindfolded he detected an orange set down near a can of "bully" beef and some rancid butter. His red-haired companion was not so fortunate. A disc with a black circle was set before him; suddenly it gave way to a disc with a yellow circle; this in turn was swiftly replaced by one with a blue circle, and then by some magic of power that black circle was whirled once again into the ken of the examinee and, would you believe it? he did not recognize it. How could so obtuse a creature expect to pursue light-footed humanism with any hope of success? There is nothing left for him, save a position as a detective.

But the examination for entrance to Columbia will go on, nevertheless; boys will hop on tables and off again, watch revolving rings and sliding bars, sing long songs and short songs, with no entrance fee for spectators.

Lest We Forget!

THE country has an ostensible Federal Prohibition Amendment, and "a nation-wide movement for a Federal Amendment prohibiting tobacco," has been begun by the W. C. T. U., and the professor of economics at the oleaginous-Archbold Syracuse University. Clearly, the fanatics now place no limits on their wild-cat legislation. It is interesting, but too late, perhaps, to recall a phrase or two from a speech, made some years ago, by one who now occupies a large place in the public eye:

A passion for regulative legislation seems to have taken possession of the country of late. What strikes us most of all about the regulation and remedial measures adopted, is that they are based upon what is for us an entirely new conception of the province alike of law and government. Governmental control, which we are undertaking so extensively, and with so light a heart, sets up not a reign of law, but a reign of discretion and individual judgment on the part of government officials. . . . We must have once more the reign of law, rather than the reign of government officials.

Before we take the next step, government ownership of all public utilities, it would be wise to reflect upon the opinion, here cited, of Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States.

Literature

HISTORIES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

THE editors of Mr. Chesterton's "The Victorian Age of Literature" tell us in a foreword that it is not an "authoritative history of Victorian literature, but merely a free and personal statement of views and impressions about the significance of Victorian literature." We are grateful for the distinction though we remain doubtful of its value, for we fail to comprehend why Mr. Chesterton's statement is not as authoritative as anybody's who has ever elected to write about Victorian literature. I take it that the editors meant that Mr. Chesterton's statement eschewed the conventional method of writing about literature, for which his readers may be thankful.

Whether "authoritative" or not, Mr. Chesterton's statement is illuminating for the very reason that it avoids the usual conventional chronological saw-dust path, which innumerable "authoritative" chroniclers have trod to the confusion of their readers and the darkening of knowledge. Mr. Chesterton tells his story according to its logical development, with a happy disregard of its chronological insequence. For, though the affairs of men happen in time, they live in spirit. The event of today may be born of tomorrow, for it is the gift of man to think ahead. And it often comes about that the birth of today had its gestation through remote yesterdays which we had forgotten. Time is the external measure, not the esoteric cause, and when we sum up human affairs, though perforce we label them with dates, we should not suffer the tyranny of chronology to impound our reasoning.

All of this, I confess, sounds a bit perplexing, but is bravely elucidated by Mr. Chesterton, who writes of Victorian literature as it grew in the grain, "as one cuts wood—along the grain," and not as "one cuts a currant cake, or Gruyère cheese, taking the currants (or the holes) as they come. But the two are not the same; the names never come in the same order in actual time as they come in any serious study of a spirit or tendency."

Nearly all histories of literature, that I have had the unhappiness to look into, are the cheesey kind, served up in chronological slices. Author after author is paraded before the reader, duly labeled, and then dismissed. The process is: Born at such a date, died at such a date, with a list of the works rounded out with an attenuated attempt at critical appreciation by no means authoritative. You can hear the historian of literature, like the barber to his customers, shouting "next!"

I sometimes wonder for whom histories of literature are written. They cannot be written for those who know literature at first hand, for that would be carrying coals to Newcastle, or, worse still, slag. If they are written for those who know nothing of literature, they would better remain unwritten, for they then become only a profundity of ignorance. If they are written for those who know something of literature, then they are a devil's device to spread the kingdom of ignorance; for he who knows a little will never enlarge it by feeding it upon feeble dilutions of its own kind. The surest way to make less one's little knowledge of English literature is not to read it, but about it. A little learning fortified by a little more or less learning is worse than dangerous, it is a nuisance.

It might seem that the point of view here indulged is not sympathetic, and that histories of English literature should be *libri prohibiti*, to be burned by the hangman in the public square—a fate now out of date, but richly deserved. If histories of English literature are not to be read by those who do not need them, that is by those who know without their aid, nor by those who are too ignorant to know what they are about, nor by those whose little knowledge is only accentuated by a little more little

knowledge, for whom are they intended? Why histories of English literature at all?

It is a ticklish question. After a somewhat long experience I hesitate to answer. I would really like to cut off heads, even if it be without regard, and get rid of the bother of sorting out the sheep from the goats, when there are so many goats and so few sheep. But we cannot save the sheep by blind slaughter, and the only answer I can give is to venture the launching of an idea that has haunted me for some time.

In the first place, Gruyère-cheese histories of literature should go to the bonfire without pity. The only history that is worth the while is the kind that shows us literature in the grain, revealing to us the sequence of its development in the spirit. This kind is Mr. Chesterton's "Victorian Age." This, however, is only a monograph, a survey of a single period or section and more readily admits the treatment in grain. But histories of English literature which cover its entire development, do not so readily conform to this method. Here the element of chronology has vital relation and there is a natural tendency to bind the subject-matter, like bales of cotton, in time-hoops. Centuries are handy hoops and if these artificial clampings are escaped, we cannot avoid the natural nexus of tendencies, movements and periods, which logically encompass the subject-matter. These take place in time, for human affairs necessarily have a chronological setting.

It was Taine, I believe, who first wrote the history of English literature as a series of tendencies and movements under the stimuli of its environment. It was an admirable performance in its method, though by no means an adequate and just appreciation in its matter. But Taine and his successors began at the beginning. That seems most proper. Everything begins at the beginning; rivers begin at their sources. What more natural than to begin at the source?

Here is the crux of the matter. It is obvious that things begin when they begin. Human history began with the first human beings. But our knowledge of these beginnings does not begin with them. They began in the dark backward and abysm of time, and our knowledge of them is after all a painful groping back towards them from the vantage point of what we know of our own surroundings. In space we first grasp knowledge of things about us, and then go to things remote.

Keeping this in view, why must histories of literature or indeed histories of anything begin by immediately thrusting at us their remote cloudy and indistinct sources, to befuddle us and repel us with obscure pedantries and dry-as-dust hypotheses? I take it that histories of English literature are made to stimulate readers to further inquiry by whetting the appetite for knowledge, for a more intimate and comprehensive knowledge of English literature. Open any history of English literature and you are immediately bumped into two remote and foreign ancients, by name respectively Widsith and Beowulf. Of the first we have only a fragmentary poem of 143 lines, in a tongue which only a pedant can doubtfully decipher, after a long struggle over musty manuscripts. Beowulf is the hero of a saga of some 3,200 lines, by whom we know not, the time and place of whose composition conjectural scholarship has not determined and can only say that it was in the beginning. I am ready to wager that nobody but a pedant has ever read it, or perhaps some matriculating student at a university, plodding dolefully through it in the hope of achieving a degree, and who will only remember it as a bit of bitter drudgery which he would rather forget than treasure.

Why in the name of sound sense introduce the ordinary

reader, for whom histories of English literature should be written, so painfully and violently to a subject perfectly recondite to him? Why smother at the outset his slender interest in English literature with a dose of the alien, the remote and the unrelated to his own life? If he ever gets beyond Widsith and Beowulf, he is of heroic mold.

If the ordinary reader, the man-in-the-street, as he is commonly labeled, is to be induced into a real interest in the history of English literature, he must be led on by familiar channels. He does know something of the English literature of his own time. He has, no doubt, read some current literature, or at least has read of some of the makers of current literature of the present generation. They are of his own environment and he of theirs. Here is some knowledge and some interest. These are his beginnings of knowledge, not Widsith and Beowulf. Why, then, should not a history of English literature begin with current literature and trace back in the grain to those sources which are its dim origin? Explore the river from its mouth, where it debouches into our own age, back to the distant springs which are its first feedings. Whether such a history of English literature traces all the way to Widsith and Beowulf, or only to the joyous singer of the "Canterbury Tales," with whom English literature truly begins, it will have the unique quality, if not merit, of securing a number of *voyageurs* who now balk at starting the journey at all with the two grim barbarians, Widsith and Beowulf.

CONDÉ B. PALLEN.

JUSTICE

Michael, come in. Stop crying at the door.

Come in and see the evil you have done.

Here is your sister's doll with one leg gone,
Naked and helpless on the playroom floor.

"Poor child! poor child! now he can never stand!
With one leg less he could not even sit!"

She mourned, but first, with swift avenging hand,
She smote, and I am proud of her for it.

Michael, my sympathies are all for you.

Your cherub mouth, your miserable eyes,

Your grey-blue smock, tear-spattered, and your cries
Shatter my heart, but what am I to do?

He was her baby, and the fear of bears

Lay heavy on him so he could not sleep

But in the crook of her dear arm, she swears.

So, Michael, she was right and you must weep.

ALINE KILMER.

A WIND ROSE IN THE NIGHT

A wind rose in the night,

(She had always feared it so!)

Sorrow plucked at my heart

And I could not help but go.

Softly I went and stood

By her door at the end of the hall.

Dazed with grief I watched

The candles flaring and tall.

The wind was wailing aloud:

I thought how she would have cried

For my warm familiar arms

And the sense of me by her side.

The candles flickered and leapt,

The shadows jumped on the wall.

She lay before me small and still

And did not care at all.

ALINE KILMER.

REVIEWS

Luxemburg and Her Neighbors. A Record of the Political Fortunes of the Present Grand Duchy from the Eve of the French Revolution to the Great War, with a Preliminary Sketch of Events from 963 to 1780. By RUTH PUTNAM. With Maps and Illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

"The next chapter of the story [of Luxemburg] is still unwritten" is the sentence with which this interesting book ends. The new chapter began on January 12 when Marie Adelaide, the young Grand Duchess of Luxemburg, was deposed, owing to her German sympathies, by a revolutionary party and her sister Charlotte ascended the throne. Luxemburg is a country only 999 square miles in extent and with a population, nine years ago, of 259,891 people. But changes of government have been frequent in Luxemburg, from the time when in 963 Sigefroy received from his father, the Count of Ardenne, Lucilinburhuc with its surrounding land, until the little nation was "neutralized" at the Conference of London in 1867 and became the "ward of the Powers."

The author gives a very readable account of Luxemburg's many vicissitudes. It has always been a stanchly Catholic land and the clergy, high and low, have shared in every political duty. When the triumphant French Revolution made the district the "Department of Forests," a persecution set in which only made the Luxemburgers cling more firmly to their Faith. "Here goes for the Belief!" was the war-cry the people raised as they fought for religious freedom. When Napoleon visited their capital early in the last century, the city keys were offered him hanging from the hand of Our Lady's image. "With a courtesy more graceful than was usual with him," the story goes, "Napoleon refused to accept the gift, saying that the keys could not be in better hands."

The dynasty to which the Grand Duchess Charlotte belongs is that of the house of Nassau-Weilburg. Adolph, her father, married Marie Anne of Portugal and the six girls born of the union were all brought up Catholics. Marie Adelaide, the eldest of the daughters, attained her majority early in 1912 and on July 18 of the same year took the oath as sovereign regent. At the beginning of the war Luxemburg, like Belgium, was used by the Germans as a road to France. The Grand Duchess formally protested against the invasion, for of course with her ornamental little army there was no question of resistance. The author's familiarity with the history of Luxemburg enables her to offer the reader a great deal of valuable information about the country's neighbors as well, the pages describing the career of Joseph II of Austria being particularly just and discerning.

W. D.

Hawthorne: How to Know Him. By GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$1.50.

Mr. Woodberry's book presents a correct, lively and highly interesting appreciation of our great American romanticist. It traces in successive chapters his literary development, rehearsing as it goes the elements of surroundings and of thought that contributed thereto, and very properly places the chapter on "Hawthorne's Literary Method" as the central chapter of the book. It is undoubtedly the best chapter of a splendid critique, and analyzes profoundly the subtle genius of this typical New Englander of ours. An artist he was and a thinker, a lover of the abstract truths of life, wedded to symbolism for the purpose of imaginative representation of those truths, interested in types rather than individuals, and above all interested in the mysteries of secretism, as typified, for instance, in "The Minister's Veil." This prepossession of secret sin in every man's soul became with him a fixed idea and darkened his philosophy of life by a sinister interpretation of apparent innocence and light-heartedness as sheer hypocrisy. No Puritan himself, he has fallen heir and victim of a gloomy Puritan tradition. "Let them (the Puritans)

scorn me as they will," he says, "strong traits of their nature have intertwined themselves with mine." Hawthorne's practice of "observation" is worth remarking for the encouragement of young literary aspirants. It was this diligent recording of the commonplaces of his daily life that laid the basis of his later vast power of vivid portrayal and deep reflection. W. T. T.

Spiritual Pastels. By J. S. E. Illustrated. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. \$1.25.

From the heart to the heart are these "Heart Talks and Meditations" of Sister Julie du Saint Esprit, of the Congregation of Notre Dame de Namur, which the Reverend Joseph M. Woods, S.J., sympathetically introduces to the reader by a description of the pastel in painting and literature. The author has been no stranger to the anguish of the heart, which beats in mystic union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus Crucified. And without being in the least autobiographical, she is attractively personal. Her sketches are meant to be objective, and not self-revealing; but their subjective lyric lines, all unconsciously drawn in, charm the reader with the experiences of a soul that has been "nailed to the Cross with Christ." These experiences are the well-springs, whence flow thoughts that will help every one who meditates upon them in their present suggestive and stimulating form. Small wonder that the little book has already reached its second edition. An exquisite chat is about a little rose, that grew hid away and taught the author a lesson years ago; in the end that little flower is personified, and unfortunately prosaic readers will not understand whether it becomes a real person or a virtue like humility. The other pastels are very clear in their lessons. "Christ Knocks" is done with masterful art. The Divine Visitor is pictured as a Merchant, a Physician, a Surgeon, a Shepherd, and a King. His knock at door after door is vividly portrayed. "Christ never takes us by surprise, but knocks and waits for our reply. . . . No matter what His garb may be, let Him in; let Him abide with us . . . and the souls we shall thereby gain for Him will be our reward exceeding great." These few words give an earnest of the chaste and limpid style, in which this book sets forth thoughts that are timely to every Catholic soul, and accurate in both theological and Biblical material. May her chiseled ivories of speech teach to many the lessons that all need to take to heart. W. F. D.

Horace in the English Literature of the Eighteenth Century. By CAROLINE GOAD, PH.D. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$3.00.

The introduction to this volume on "The Place of Horace in the Eighteenth Century" gives a bird's-eye view of the general influence Horace exerted as a teacher of political and social morality, as a master of the art of poetry and as a sort of *elegantiarum arbiter*. The body of the book illustrates with a wealth of detail the particular debt each author owed to Horace, the critic, the philosopher, the poet. Nicholas Rowe, Joseph Addison, Richard Steele, Matthew Prior, John Gay, Alexander Pope, Jonathan Swift, Henry Fielding, Richardson, Sterne, Smollett, Samuel Johnson, Chesterfield, and Walpole all knew Horace and used him, though of course all of them did not know him equally well. The most interesting chapters are those on Addison, Pope and Johnson. Although the author treats professedly of the influence of Horace on these English writers, she has not failed to indicate, by the way, what other classical authors have influenced the literature of the eighteenth century.

Dr. Goad's intimate, sympathetic and exhaustive knowledge of Horace and her familiarity with the novels, essays, dramas, periodicals, pamphlets and correspondence of the great writers of the eighteenth century are apparent on every page and make her book a treat not only for classical scholars but for those who are interested in general literature. Teachers of college Latin and of English will find in this 600-page volume a valu-

able aid to work in the classroom as well as a high-explosive shell to fling among the ranks of those modern sciolists who believe that college English can be mastered by students who have no Latin and no Greek. The style of "Horace in the English Literature of the Eighteenth Century," in contrast to many books on learned subjects, is clear and untechnical and makes easy reading. A. G. B.

Life of Pius X. By F. A. FORBES. \$1.25. **Ireland: Its Saints and Scholars.** By J. M. FLOOD. \$0.75. New York: P. J. Kennedy & Sons.

Mother Forbes, the religious of the Sacred Heart, whose attractive series of saints' lives called "Standard Bearers of the Faith," many young readers have enjoyed, now seems to have started another set of biographies entitled "Heroes of the Church," this "Life of Pius X" being the first of the series. "Come, did he not allow that after all I was a good priest?" the late Pope once asked regarding an abusive Modernist. "Now, of all praise, that is the only one I have ever valued." That remark was the keynote of Joseph Sarto's career and the author throughout the dozen chapters of this excellent little biography has drawn a lifelike picture of an admirable priest. The early chapters follow his career as a seminarian at Padua, as curate and pastor at Tombolo, as Canon of Treviso, as Bishop of Mantua and as Patriarch of Venice. The latter half of the book describes his memorable Pontificate from that day in August, 1903, when Cardinal Sarto was elected St. Peter's 258th successor until another August day, eleven years later, when he sorrowfully closed his eyes on a war-ravaged world that he had tried in vain to keep at peace. "It is a Sarto that I am, not a Santo," was the late Pope's pleasant remark to a lady who charged him with working miracles. He was both. By promoting frequent Communion and by unmasking Modernism Pius X did much to "renew all things in Christ" and his personal holiness added a new luster to his exalted station.

Mr. Flood's informing little volume is intended as a companion work to his earlier book, "Ireland: Its Myths and Legends." After sketching the careers of the great Irish Saints, Patrick, Columcille, Columbanus, and their holy successors, the author describes the wonderful missionary activities of the Irish monks. At the beginning of the eighth century they had established a chain of monasteries that extended from the mouth of the Rhine and the Meuse to the Rhone, and much of Western Europe owes the preservation of the Catholic Faith to these zealous men. Seventh-century Ireland, moreover, was as renowned for its learning as for its holiness. Irish teachers were so celebrated that throngs of students flocked to Ireland from England and the Continent. "*Amandatus ad disciplinam in Hibernia*," became equivalent to a degree. The author has condensed into a readable little book of 104 pages a quantity of valuable information which it is hard to get. W. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

As most convents have a monthly day of recollection for the Sisters, Edith Staniforth has done a good work in translating from the French Father Dunoyer's "Spiritual Exercises for Monthly and Annual Retreats for the Use of Souls Consecrated to God" (Kenedy, \$2.25). Beginning with the October day of recollection, the author gives abundant material for five exercises, and ends with a reminder of each month's special devotion. At the end of the book are numerous prayers for the use of the retreatants.—Dean W. R. Harris's "Essays in Occultism, Spiritism and Demonology" (Herder, \$1.00) are rather diffuse and do not go into the matter very deeply. He gives a number of interesting cases of bilocation, sets forth the Church's teaching on Spiritism, and shows that the Spiritists' tenets and practices are destructive of morality.

The Rt. Rev. Monsignor Count Bickerstaffe-Drew, who under the pen name "John Ayscough" has written a number of excellent books, expects to visit the United States in March to give a course of lectures and to gather material for two volumes of "impressions of America." "Jacqueline" is the last of his works to be published in this country, but a new autobiographical novel called "Fernando" has appeared in England. Another lecturer from abroad we shall have here soon is Mr. Philip Gibbs, the well-known English Catholic war correspondent and novelist. Mr. Cecil Chesterton, who died at Boulogne December 6 of a fever contracted in the trenches, left a history of the United States that will soon be published. Among other books appearing abroad which are of special interest to Catholics are Captain A. Hilliard Atteridge's "Marshal Foch: His Life and Theory of Modern War"; Katherine Tynan's "Herb o' Grace, Poems in War-Time"; Cardinal Gasquet's "*Religio Religiosi: The Object and Scope of the Religious Life*"; Dom. E. Cuthbert Butler's "Benedictine Monarchism"; Enid Dennis's "Mystics All," and Paul Claudel's "*Le Pain Dur*," a sequel to "*L'Otage*." Kenedy announces that work has begun on the newly revised version of the *Missale Romanum*, which is to appear simultaneously in New York and Rome. Readers of AMERICA who have enjoyed Mrs. Aline Kilmer's poems will be glad to learn that Doran will publish a volume of them in March under the title "Candles that Burn." Mrs. Kilmer is now giving lectures on women poets. "The Collected Memorial Edition" of Sergeant Joyce Kilmer's works has been having a remarkable sale. Doran has already disposed of 3000 two-volume sets. Few Catholic editors would have ventured to put into a book for general circulation all the things about the Church that Mr. Holliday has admitted into the work he has edited so well.

In "Behind the Wheel of a War Ambulance" (McBride, \$1.50), Robert Whitney Imbrie has written a very interesting diary of his experiences as an *ambulancier* in the American Ambulance Field Service from December, 1915, to May, 1917. The writer saw service along the Aisne, the Somme and at Verdun and later in the Balkans, where he was decorated with the *Croix de Guerre*. There is a charming modesty about this book that is very attractive, for the author does not strive to attribute victory to those who were in his branch of the service. The part played by the *ambulanciers* was no small one, yet Robert Whitney Imbrie is not carried away by admiration for the men with whom he did his share of war work to the exclusion of those to whom victory is ultimately due, the long roll of unknown private soldiers who suffered and bled in the trenches.—In "My Company" (Houghton, Mifflin, \$1.50), Captain Carroll Swain of the Twenty-sixth Division has written a thrilling narrative of the experiences of his men in France. All during the bitter fighting of last July and August the company he commanded was in action. The book brings out the true relationship that exists between officers and men, that right comradeship that makes for military efficiency while not impairing military discipline.—"Passed as Censored" (Lippincott, \$1.25) is a collection of letters by Captain Bertram M. Bernheim, M. R. C., giving in very ordinary style an account of ordinary happenings in the war zone. Misery and heroism stand out from these pages, but much is lacking in their proper setting.

"The Objective Teaching of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass" (Dolphin Press, Philadelphia, \$0.25), by the Sisters of St. Joseph, will be of great service to those who are teaching children to appreciate the Sublime Sacrifice. The little book contains helpful diagrams, Mass charts, suggestive lists of questions and blanks to be filled out by the boys and girls. At the end an excellent appendix explains the people's part in various ceremonies, quotes a dozen different authors on the excellence of the Mass and offers a neat bibliography of the subject.—

The Sisters of Mercy of St. Augustine's Novitiate, West Hartford, Conn., have out a third edition of Father Delaunay's excellent pamphlet on "The Religious Teacher and the Work of Vocations" (\$0.20), the first edition of which was favorably noticed in these columns.—Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, formerly our Minister to Denmark, Brother Leo, F.S.C., of St. Mary's College, Oakland, and James H. Fassett, the author of a new system of phonetics, are collaborating in the preparation of the "Corona Readers" for Catholic grade schools. The series' "First Reader" (Ginn, \$0.36), a prettily illustrated book in which piety, poetry and fairy lore are judiciously blended, has lately come from the press. The text-book seems as practical as it is attractive.

The "Calvert Complete Speller" and the "Calvert Practical Shorthand Coach" (Calvert Text-Book Co., Baltimore) are recent school books that will well repay examination by our teachers. The first has been compiled by Miss M. E. McNally, Ph.D., and words, pronunciations and definitions are so arranged in parallel columns that the teacher can easily train both the pupil's eye and ear to master the word-lists which increase in difficulty according to a scientific process. While the text-book is designed primarily for students of stenography, it is admirably suited for the grade school. The "Calvert Practical Shorthand Coach," by Miss K. Z. Donellan and Miss M. R. Kircher, who are successful teachers of stenography, aims to give in twenty-four lessons a practical grasp of shorthand. Taking a pupil who has no knowledge whatever of "pothooks" and omitting the non-essentials, the text-book, by the use of a few workable rules, quickly makes the student a stenographer.—Bernard M. Sheridan's "Liberty Reader" (Benj. H. Sanborn Co., Boston, \$0.76) is a good selection of material for boys and girls of grammar-school age who should learn now what the meaning of the great war is for America.

The following poem, entitled "Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration," by Ernest Dowson, is one of the selections in Thomas H. Ward's new volume of "English Poets—Browning to Rupert Brooke" (Macmillan, \$1.50):

Calm, sad, secure; behind high convent walls,
These watch the sacred lamp, these watch and pray:
And it is one with them when evening falls,
And one with them the cold return of day.

These heed not time; their nights and days they make
Into a long returning rosary,
Whereon their lives are threaded for Christ's sake;
Meekness and vigilance and chastity.

A vowed patrol, in silent companies,
Life-long they keep before the living Christ.
In that dim church, their prayers and penances
Are fragrant incense to the Sacrificed.

Outside, the world is wide and passionate;
Man's weary laughter and his sick despair
Entreat at their impenetrable gate;
They heed no voices in their dream of prayer.

They saw the glory of the world displayed;
They saw the bitter of it, and the sweet;
They knew the roses of the world should fade,
And be trod under by the hurrying feet.

Therefore they rather put away desire,
And crossed their hands and came to sanctuary,
And veiled their heads and put on coarse attire;
Because their comeliness was vanity.

And there they rest; they have serene insight
Of the illuminating dawn to be;
Mary's sweet Star dispels for them the night,
The proper darkness of humanity.

Calm and secure; with faces worn and mild;
Surely their choice of vigil is the best?
Yea! for our roses fade, the world is wild;
But there, besides the altar, there, is rest.

EDUCATION

Why We Educate

WHY do we try to educate youth? All the evil in the world, injustice, avarice, war, murder, poverty, disease, drunkenness, uncleanness, perjury, and so on through the black list, is a miasma arising primarily out of ignorance. Evil is standardized on the imperfectly known. The Saints of God do no evil because they possess the truth. They have been educated by knowing God, and they cannot mistake counterfeit good for genuine good. Virtue and vice are energies of the will, but the will moves impelled by the intellect, and when the intellect understands real good, it induces the will to accept that alone. Therefore we strive to enlighten the intellect by education.

We must seek happiness in every act of our lives. We are free to choose between two means, but the end, the search for happiness, is an obligation. When we do not choose the real good that makes for happiness we turn to sham, to evil. The very essence of happiness is the quiescence of desire for union with adequate good, and the sole good sufficient to sate all desire, is Infinite Good, or God. We tend toward happiness by attaining real good or what appears to be good. We discriminate between genuine and false good, and thus reach happiness or unhappiness, by a correct use of reason. Reason and unreason are the foundations of happiness and unhappiness; they are synonyms for virtue and vice. Sin in human acts is that which is contrary to the order of reason. It is necessary, then, for all men to know when reason is sound or unsound, and they know this through education.

THE TRIPLE CONCUPISCENCE

THOSE things that are not for our happiness are the concupiscence of the eyes, the concupiscence of the flesh, and the pride of life, and we oppose these through the proper education. The concupiscence of the eyes, that is, all that is connected with inordinate desires for riches, can be controlled through content with what is enough, by a rational superiority to avarice. In America, as elsewhere, success is confused with money-getting. Any rascal that corners a market, or gluts himself with munition-money, or steals the tax-payers' savings, or the drunkard's wages, and battens on the food snatched from the poor, is a success if he makes "a million"; at least until that day when the avenging God evens things up.

The concupiscence of the flesh is checked by the rationality of temperance, *asceticism*. The athlete knows his body will not take on strength and skill unless he indulges and restrains it rationally, goes into training, practises *asceticism*, which means training, but rational *asceticism*; and for exactly the same reason the soul must accept *asceticism* in education. *Asceticism* is the only antiseptic we have to keep the soul from rotteness. Jacob did not see the vision of the ladder and the trailing robes of the angels until he had laid his head on the pillow of stone, and we must be thrown like a brand into the fire, as Demeter set Demophoon of Eleusis, if we would find immortal youth. Those that talk, drunk with the new ethics, about the nobility of nature, and by nature they mean the body with its passions, are no more worthy of a hearing than other inebriates. The body is a good horse when bitted, but when given its head it tosses you into the wayside ditch, where you may prate of nobility till the crack of patience to little purpose. *Asceticism* is another result of education.

The pride of life, inordinate ambition, is kept within bounds by obedience to law, Divine and human, by the obedience of the liberated, not the licensed or the foolish. Content, chastity, obedience, with charity, are the shield against unreason. Charity is union with Infinite Good and unity with man in the Infinite Good, and it saves the other virtues from selfishness and evasion of responsibility. The discipline of a correct education inculcates rational obedience to law, which is order.

Order alone keeps the world from anarchy and chaos, and it must prevail since God Himself is Order. Man's supreme honor is in his freedom from the tyranny of unreason, of passion, if he chooses to be free. In that he is superior to the beast.

THE STANDARD OF EDUCATION

THE standard of education, as of righteousness, is deduced from the relations of man's complete nature to other men, to inferior creatures, and to God. He is by nature social, and what is necessary to society is congruous to man's nature, good, moral, to be brought into play by education. He is to use inferior things for the preservation and perfection of his life, and to use them ordinately. Order, harmony, beauty, underlie all that is good and moral. His body with its passions exists for his soul; it is the servant of his soul, not the master; it must, therefore, be subservient to the interests of the soul, it must do nothing that clouds the soul as a reasoning faculty, or subjects it to passion.

The human being that we educate, the raw material that comes to the teacher, has a soul and a body, and the soul has the faculties of memory, intellect, and will; the imagination, too, is used by the soul as if it were its own. The teacher educates, draws out, educates the faculties harmoniously, by a conscious methodical application of the best means in the wisdom of the ages, to the end that the youth may know how to live completely, how to use soul and body to the best advantage to attain happiness, and the end of his creation.

The child lacks expression, and a knowledge of facts, and even his processes of reason act erroneously on the data he has. By education we add to the child's experience the recorded experience of the human race; we show him how to reason on this experience, understand it, assimilate it. He must be fitted to earn his livelihood and the livelihood of those who will be entrusted to his care; he is to be trained in his duty to the State, to be told of his obligations to other men, to be turned to a knowledge of his religion and of God, until these parts of wisdom become a second nature to him. His character is to be built up.

CHARACTER AND TEMPERAMENT

CHARACTER is the result of all the internal and external forces that work upon a person from the moment his soul enters upon existence. Race, nationality, climate, health, mental and physical education, religion, caste, the strength or weakness of the faculties of his soul and body, wealth or poverty, his neighbors, and countless other factors are involved in the formation of a man's character. Temperament is a part of character, a special type of mental development due to the natural qualities of the body, a mental tendency resulting from a special bodily organization. A person may be sanguine, energetic, bold, muscular, joyous, dull, flabby, slow, artistic, and the like, and these congenital physical qualities affect almost everything he does; they make up his temperament. Temperament is one of the most important qualities in any character, and in education the child's temperament must be taken into serious account.

Life is full of misfits through a disregard for temperament, which often is called a vocation. Blessed is the man who has found his work, but it is not always found because of misdirection by incompetent educators or parents. Parents who have made some money want their sons to be professional men, and every town has its starving lawyers and physicians, who are ambulance-chasers or drug salesmen, and the thousands of dollars spent for the education of these misfits might just as well have been thrown into a Mexican gold mine. A father pushes his son into his own business because it is established, whether the lad is fitted for the work or not; parents try to make a priest of John because they themselves are pious, or a tailor of James, who should be a priest, because

they themselves are not pious. If the lad draws a figure which resembles a cow he is sent to the Academy of Fine Arts; if he likes to build bridges with blocks he is sent to an engineering school, when he should be a physician or a merchant. After a lifetime of tragedy the misfit dies a pauper and the father that ruined him blasphemes him.

Work has physical requirements which must be taken into account, as strength, endurance, agility, natural manual skill, freedom from a tendency to disease, muscular coordination; it is affected by climate, locality, association, and so on. One might be a good internist as a physician, but a bungling surgeon. A boy's intellect may be slow, or quick. He may judge well, comprehend thoroughly, remember vividly, or the reverse. Men with narrow intellectual capacity sometimes show ability in particular directions, in commerce, in judgment of material, in music, in machinery. They succeed in a specialty and fail in other work. A youth's sense of honor, his industry, his courage, his prudence, all must be considered in the choice of his work and in his education. Young men who have a tendency to grow fat can be bankers, lawyers, politicians, managers, clergymen, merchants, orators, but they cannot be engineers, farmers, soldiers or sailors, or superintendents of factories. Philosophers, scientists, inventors, explorers, generals are lean men, financiers and judges may be fat. Literary men are lean as a rule, notwithstanding the presence of Chesterton, Cobb and Blythe in their company. Fit a boy's work and education to his temperament. Marry him off by temperament. Opposite temperaments often balance and compensate. A Connaught man should marry an Ulster woman because the Connaught man will be happy if he has a dollar and the Ulster woman will have it; he will not.

TRUE EDUCATION

THE educated man is not to be merely a wage-earner, but one that can for his own good and the good of others take an intelligent interest in the important problems of life, as these are intellectual, social, political, literary, philosophical, or religious. To be able to do this he must have a wide fundamental training of intellect and will, and a certain store of those facts called knowledge. Learning, scholarship, wisdom, are terms denoting a comprehensive grasp of truth, as truth itself, or as genuine good. All the intellectual labor of man is a striving after truth, an effort to make the knowledge in our minds square exactly with the fact. To be able to attain truth and the good, and to impart them to others, we must be able to analyze correctly, to understand what books and men teach, to compare facts and draw conclusions, to reason logically, to express ourselves effectively.

True Christian education is a revelation from Heaven, a merciful disclosure of the secret beauty of God. It gives charity and strength, the noblest qualities in man. It fits men to fight as the sons of God unto the end; to yield to no power of earth or hell that tries to separate them from their loyalty to Our Blessed Master and the love of the brethren. It gives them the grace to stand with head up and take a buffet in training from the All-Father Himself, and laugh in the sun, not whine about hardship.—"Throw me, I yet will stand!"—afraid of nothing but only of cringing before their own passions.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY, PH.D., M.D.

SOCIOLOGY

Prohibition, the Cardinal and Billy Sunday

A REVEREND gentleman of renown, one Mr. Billy Sunday, rises up in the arid desert of Richmond, Virginia, to announce that when Nebraska adopted the Federal Prohibition Amendment, the devil locked the gates of hell and threw the key away. Several difficulties block the acceptance of this "brighten the corner where y' are" doctrine. The first is geographical, or, more accurately, hadeographical; the other is

drawn from the science of theology. If the devil threw the key away, where did he throw it? Where was he when he threw it away, and where is he now, not to speak of the key? The theological difficulty lies in the simple fact that the devil has no more power to decide who is to abide in hell, or stay out of it than he has to separate the sheep from the goats, placing them to the right of the Eternal Judge. But accuracy never yet came between Mr. Sunday and a lurid phrase.

THE AMENDMENT AND SINAI

MR. SUNDAY, exulting amid the congenial aridity of Richmond, Virginia, "damp" on the edges and "wet" only at \$15.00 a quart, speaks for all who believe that the Federal Prohibition Amendment is "the triumph of the greatest movement for Christian morality since the Crucifixion." With De Quincey, we are all for morality and all that, but some of us doubt whether the Amendment will do much more for morality than the Ten Commandments have done, and some of us have no doubt at all. In fact, if sustained by the Supreme Court, we hold that the amendment will be (1) a continual menace to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, (2) the apotheosis of hypocrisy and law-breaking, and (3) a greater political danger to the Republic than successful nullification. If this be insanity, we are glad to rave in company with his Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons. By admission of all, Cardinal Gibbons is a representative American citizen, and a prelate who for years has contributed actively to the support of every public and private movement genuinely making for good citizenship and a purer morality. He has been thinking of these things, as the New York Sun recently remarked, "for more years than most of us have lived." Quite as well, not to draw the point too fine, as Mr. Sunday, and the subsidized crew of lobbyists and hangers-on, does he know what morality is, and how it may be best promoted. In wisdom and in courtesy, in high-mindedness and in zeal, and above all else, in temperance, he has nothing to learn from any salaried anti-saloon agent who ever set up a secret "moonshine" still to replace an open saloon, or grew passing rich in the pursuit of the elusive demon rum.

CARDINAL GIBBONS SPEAKS

IT so happens that this venerable prelate does not regard the Federal Prohibition Amendment as in any sense a triumph of morality. On the contrary, he remarks that it implies legislation which cannot be enforced, encourages the secret and illicit manufacture of bad liquor, and empowers governmental agents "to enter our houses with the violence of burglars, and the immunity of officers of the law." Were I not aware of the lengths of insolence to which paid Prohibitionist agents usually go, I would say that this prelate, distinguished for wisdom and virtue, has never been accused of participating in the liquor traffic. But no honest American can be ignorant of the fact that for years Cardinal Gibbons has advocated a plan of restriction which would do away with the evils incident to the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors, and that in this plan he has been unceasingly opposed by interested Prohibitionists, leagued with sworn enemies of the Church. "I have always been in favor of strict regulation of the trade," writes the Cardinal, "because thereby the liberty of individuals is preserved; whereas by Federal Amendment we face legislation which in the long run cannot be carried out. An early result will be the secret and illicit manufacture and sale of bad liquor." For the benefit of those who have insisted upon legal prohibition (if indeed it be legal) the Cardinal adds:

To me it is very strange that after 2,000 years men should pass legislation which strikes at the very fundamentals of the Christian religion. Will not the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of wines affect those who profess the Christian religion? We have 20,000 Catholic priests in the United States who every day offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. How can they do this, if they cannot obtain wine?

I know it will be replied that wine is permitted for sacramental purposes. I cannot see how this will be if the manufacture, sale and importation of wine is prohibited.

The Federal Amendment makes no explicit exception of wine for sacrificial purposes. Is it possible that any Catholic can consider Federal Prohibition equivalent to a new and higher dispensation, in which the Unbloody Sacrifice becomes a symbolic rite of secondary importance?

CONSTITUTIONAL OBJECTIONS

SO much for the first and second points. The third point was well expressed in Henry Watterson's phrase to the effect that the Amendment breaks down the principle of stability upon which this Government is founded at the very time when Bolshevism is becoming an immeasurable power for evil. Speaking in New York on January 20, the Hon. James M. Beck, taking up this idea, familiar to every constitutional lawyer, characterized the Federal Amendment as a blow aimed directly at "that pillar of the Constitution, the dual sovereignty of State and Federal Union."

The perfection of the edifice of the Union has been destroyed by an amendment which, however wise it might be if adopted by a State to please its own local institutions, writes irrevocably into the Constitution a declaration as to a matter of mere personal habit. For this there is no analogy whatever in any part of the Constitution, an instrument which is vital to home rule, and which, unless it had guaranteed home rule, would never have been adopted. It embodies a constitutional ruling on the personal habits of men in a nation of a population of 110,000,000, living in a country 3,000 miles wide, and stretching from the semitropics of the South to the chilled regions of the North. Whatever may be the merits of Prohibition, and I am not now discussing them, the Federal Amendment is a blow to the essential idea of the Union, and within two years will create more discontent, more ill-feeling, more dissension between man and man, class and class, than any of us at this hour can forecast.

Former President Taft, whose honesty and ability cannot be questioned, speaks even more strongly than Mr. Beck. Writing on June 8, 1918, he bases his opposition to Federal Prohibition on the sane principle that "it is a mixing of the National Government in a matter that is one of local settlement. Sumptuary laws are matters for parochial adjustment." Further, "it will vest in the National Government, and those who administer it, so great a power as to be dangerous in political matters." Moreover, it is absolutely unnecessary. "The States now have every means of enforcing Prohibition" should they see fit to adopt it for themselves, since "there is a Federal law, sustained as constitutional [the Webb-Kenyon law, and later, the Reed Amendment] which forbids the importation of liquor from other States." Finally, Prohibition cannot be enforced, unless the local communities themselves wish it. "I am opposed to the presence of laws on the statute books which cannot be enforced. They demoralize the enforcement of all laws."

THE RISE OF FEDERAL SATRAPY

THE principles underlying Mr. Taft's objections to Prohibition have never been successfully assailed, for the simple reason that they are impregnable. Dr. Irving Fisher of Yale undertook a "reply" to which wide publicity was given, but it is of a kind calculated to make the judicious grieve, and Mr. Taft, who is good-humored as well as judicious, laugh. In the main, it is an attack on the brewers, and a contemptible attempt to link what little anti-Prohibitionist activity has existed, with the agents of Germany in this country. The vital constitutional issue urged by Mr. Taft is not so much as mentioned, and I gravely question whether Dr. Fisher has the slightest conception of its importance. In a letter dated September 2, 1918, Mr. Taft elaborated his views. He here enumerates (1) the danger to republican institutions in giving a partisan political officer power to send "Federal detectives and policemen into every hamlet and into every ward of the large city . . . thereby wielding a sinister power, prospect of which should

make anxious the friends of free constitutional government"; (2) the serious loss to the national revenues; (3) the establishment of a great central power "to brush the doorsteps of local communities, far removed geographically and politically, from Washington"; (4) the demoralization thereby of State politics; (5) "the fundamental error" of rushing through in the "fever of war time" so serious an Amendment "to our constitutional structure. . . . We shall thus hang a permanent millstone around our necks"; (6) the fact that the Prohibition Amendment owes its present favor not to the majority but "to an intensely active minority." Mr. Taft concludes:

First, because a permanent national liquor law will prove, in many communities, unenforceable for lack of public sympathy; second, because attempted enforcement will require a enormous force of Federal policemen and detectives, giving undue power to sinister and partisan subordinates of the National Administration, and third, because it means an unwise structural change in the relations between the people of the States and the central government, and a strain to the integrity of the Union, I am opposed to a national Prohibition Amendment.

Nor has any answer to this position been elaborated. Logic and straightforward fighting are foreign to the typical advocate of Federal Prohibition, who fears nothing so much as an open submission of his plans to the people.

WHAT THE AMENDMENT MEANS

WHAT have we done in adopting the Federal Prohibition Amendment? Well, at least four things. First, into an instrument that is primarily a declaration of general principles, we have put legislation, and sumptuary, parochial legislation, at that. For the first time in our history, we are going to direct, by a Federal Amendment, the citizen's personal habits. Next, we have so firmly imbedded that sumptuary legislation in the Federal Constitution that at present 5,000,000 citizens could successfully resist the attempts of 95,000,000, to take it out. Third, we have introduced into the American courts a monster which no one can describe, "concurrent jurisdiction." Can Washington compel the State of Kentucky, for instance, to legislate if the State of Kentucky refuses to legislate? Does "concurrent jurisdiction" mean that if Washington enacts one law and Kentucky fails to concur, or if Kentucky passes its law and Washington refuses to concur, there shall be no legislation whatever? Or does it mean that the law enacted at Washington shall have force only when the State has not otherwise provided? If it does, what becomes of the Federal Amendment? And finally, there is good reason to believe that in adopting this new Amendment, we have turned a blind eye to those very ancient Amendments, the Ninth and Tenth.

A CATHOLIC CONTRAST

OF course, we have done a good many other things, too, in adopting the Prohibition Amendment. If we can come between a man and his flagon of ale by Federal Amendment, much heart of grace may be taken by those fanatics who see no essential difference between the light at the end of a cigarette and a brand plucked from the infernal regions. These persons do not use tobacco, but prefer Peruna. Whist, pinochle, poker, old maid? I do not know anything about cards myself, but I have often heard of the sobs of the gambler's wife, and hence see no reason whatever why they should not be hushed by another Federal Amendment. And what about the "Virginia Reel"? Why should a man and his partner be suffered to reel through a series of figured movements when they are not allowed to reel, and very properly, too, out of a saloon? And the tabor's sound at which the young lambs bound?

Ah, well, what's the use! On the first Sunday after the adoption of the Amendment, the Gospel read in all Catholic churches told how Our Blessed Lord went with His Apostles to a rustic wedding in Cana of Galilee. There was good cheer there and dancing, too, no doubt, and the simple, innocent merri-

ment waxed fast, but the wine ran low, for the guests appreciated the hospitality of their host. Who was it but Our Blessed Mother who noted the impending calamity? and wasn't that just like a woman, the sweetest, purest, tenderest, most thoughtful woman that ever lived? And it was the Saviour of us all who at the instance of His Mother, that the rejoicing in the happiness of this young couple might not be abated, like the kindly, gracious gentleman He was, turned the water into wine. Don't you like the title, "gentlemen"? Well, He was a gentleman, *eminenter*, as they distinguish in the schools, and I am sure, as St. Thomas says, that He was everything, and more, that we mean by perfect gentleness and courtesy.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

"Tickled to Death" to Go to Confession

TO the assertion that we have reason to be proud of the American Catholic soldiers abroad, there seems to be no dissent. From English, French and Belgian, as well as from American sources, comes the news that they are setting the example, much needed in some foreign localities, of what a true Catholic soldier should be. "I believe all the newspaper talk about the Americans now," an English chaplain writes to the *London Tablet*, "for I met some last Sunday."

I asked the officer if they would like to come to confession and Holy Communion, and he replied, "Oh, Father, they will be tickled to death to come." Come they did, and finer Catholics you'll never meet.

Another chaplain writes to the same paper:

The Yankees are swarming around us now like flies. And capital men they are; keen and anxious, and good Catholics. They crowd the churches and the altar rails.

These are the men who will contribute most to the solution of the "problems of after-war reconstruction," now puzzling our statesmen. Practical religion, exemplified in every-day life, is worth infinitely more to the country, than the wisest plans evolved on the theory that nations are sufficient to themselves.

Two Revolutions

AMERICANS who are interested in the origin of the Russian and Portuguese revolutions will find interesting reading in some of the late magazines and papers. In the *Living Age* for January 18, 1919, Sir George Buchanan, G.C.B., the last British ambassador accredited to Russia, clears the unfortunate Russian Empress of pro-Germanism and immorality, and declares:

The revolution was not the work of any secret political society, nor was it carried out on any carefully thought-out plan. It was the spontaneous act of a people worn out by suffering and privations whose patience and power of endurance were at last exhausted. It began with the looting of a baker's shop, and ended with the revolt of one after the other of the regiments of the Petrograd garrison. Had the Emperor at once come to Petrograd and made timely concessions he might have saved his crown, even at the eleventh hour.

The *London Nation* under date of December 21 speaks of the Portuguese revolution in this confident tone:

The situation in Portugal and Spain is disturbed in the extreme. The assassination of the Portuguese President, Sidonio Paes, is probably rather a symptom of the condition of political turmoil into which the Portuguese Republic has fallen than an event of significance in itself. President Paes secured power by a military *coup d'état*, and was always liable to be summarily ejected from his position. The latest reports indicate that his assassination was due to a carefully planned conspiracy in which a section of the Freemasons played a prominent part. Without hazarding a guess as to the nature of the political forces in conflict, we may assume that conditions in Portugal have begun to approximate to those of a Central American republic: administrative collapse varied by dictatorship. It seems that the same

process threatens Spain also. The soundest and most progressive province of the country, Catalonia, is determined upon administrative separation. The Catalonian members have publicly left the Chamber in Madrid to assemble in Barcelona, and their arrival there was celebrated by a serious revolutionary outbreak. The Central Government is unable either to resist the movement or to sanction the Catalonia demands. The only result is that it will be still further discredited.

Thus are murder and anarchy spreading throughout the world.

France's Catholicism

IN the course of an article entitled, "Our Friends, the French," which appeared in the *National Geographic Magazine* for November, the writer remarks:

Mainly Catholic in their traditions and sentiment, the common people still reverence the vast institution governed from Rome; but the educated classes, because of their belief in its opposition to certain democratic movements, have in recent years been rather alienated.

This passage has provoked some rather violent criticism and perhaps those who have been disturbed by the implied stricture on the Church will be consoled by this abstract from the literary supplement of the *London Times* for January 2:

The question we are now asking is not whether a counter-revolution will come, for come it will, sooner or later, but whether it will be Catholic. From this point of view it is interesting to note the return of the intellectuals to the Church, in France. Anatole France, with his Voltairean gaiety, lubricity and impiety, seems like a survival of a by-gone time. Brunetière, Bourget, Bazin, and many other writers of high repute are or have become Catholic. Their main motive, as Bourget avows, is to reintroduce the hierarchical principle into France, to counteract disintegrating tendencies in the nation, to restore idealism and spirituality, and to establish a social order in which every man and woman shall have a definite environment, instead of being *décrâcinés* as they are now.

The *Times* is correct, the *Geographic Magazine*, picturesque.

Our Foreign-Language Publications

FIGURES showing the circulation of foreign-language papers in the United States have just been compiled by the Bureau of Education. In 1910 there were approximately 33,000,000 people in the country, it is claimed, who were either born abroad or under foreign home and neighborhood conditions. There were thirty-eight different language groups in the United States supporting publications which had a total circulation of about 10,982,000. Each of these groups had its own press. The total number of these publications amounted to 1,575. German-language papers were naturally the most numerous, totaling 483, with 3,000,000 subscribers. Many of these papers have since been discontinued, owing to the war. Second in number were the 190 Italian publications, with an aggregate circulation of 800,000. Jewish papers, though third in the list and amounting to 156, were second in point of circulation, having approximately 1,500,000 subscribers. The ninety-seven different Polish papers had a circulation of 850,000. Other groups with a remarkably developed foreign-language press were the Swedes, Norwegians and Danes. There were seventy-seven publications in the Swedish language with a circulation of 700,000, and sixty Norwegian-Danish papers having in all 446,000 subscribers. The forty French papers had a circulation of about 500,000, while the eighty-seven Spanish papers had a total circulation of no more than 250,000. There are only fifteen papers said to have been expressly supported by Britons, though many of our papers are dominated by British influences. Other foreign racial groups with their own press are the Albanians, Arabians, Armenians, Assyrians, Bohemians, Bulgarians, Chinese, Croatians, Dutch, Finnish, Greek, Japanese, Lithuanians, Magyars, Belgians, Portuguese, Roumanians, Russians, Serbians, Slovaks, Slovenians, Swiss, Turks and Ukrainians.